



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

GOING home the other night about six o'clock the rain was beating down in torrents, yet butchers' and grocers' boys were dodging around in their carts delivering their wares as if no regard were paid by consumers to the inclemency of the weather or the necessities and expenses of those who provide the luxuries and necessities of the table. If people bought their meats, and groceries, and vegetables, as merchants and manufacturers buy their supplies, what an enormous decrease there would be in the cost of purveying to the multitude! I could not help but think of this as I saw those rakish little lads, who are always at a street crossing when one is passing, driving their horses as their butcher masters slay bees, without mercy. I noticed how light were the baskets they carried into the houses. Probably the four boys I saw at work on a short street did not altogether deliver more than six or seven pounds of meat. A boy from a grocery store carried in one gate a pint of oysters, and three or four bunches of celery were floating around in a basket that stood at another doorway.

Isn't it quite possible that the telephone is a nuisance rather than a convenience so far as it affects the relations between the consumer and the grocer and butcher? Everything is left to the last moment, and small parcels must be delivered without regard to weather, or convenience, or distance, or anything else. Housekeepers were careless enough before the telephone was introduced, and left the purchase of what was wanted for dinner or supper until hunger or the ringing of the six o'clock bell reminded them that something had to be procured for the evening meal. If I, as a printer, left the purchase of paper until the forms were ready to go to press, my business would soon be in a nice mess. If the restaurant-keeper had to go out and buy his supplies before he served a customer's order, there would be great rows around the dining-tables of those who provide meals. If a merchant or manufacturer ordered nothing until he saw he could sell it or use it, the mills of the world would soon be in confusion and customers would have to leave their orders long in advance of the date of expected delivery. Of course it is not possible for housekeepers to foresee every necessity, nor is it within their means to provide themselves with a stock of necessities, some of which are perishable, yet it is quite within the limits of possibility for the housewife to size up in the morning what she intends to purchase for the day or the morrow, and to give the butcher, baker, grocer, ample time to deliver it and save half the expense of so doing. Individually it is quite impossible to convince the average woman that her trifling order for a pound or two of steak, a pint of oysters, a dime's worth of vegetables, or a little fruit, is not important enough to engage the entire attention of the vendor, his clerks, his driver, his horse and his wagon, and all that is his. Unforeseen things doubtless occur which make it necessary for sudden purchases. The parson may come in for tea, or the dull-witted husband may bring home a friend for dinner, or something may go wrong with the milk or the butter, but outside of these incidents, if the average person would only take some pains to have the wants of the day provided for regularly and with some reference to the convenience of the provision merchants life would be a much smoother current than it is now.

In some homes the husband insists on doing the buying; in others the wives insist that the husband shall attend to this branch of domestic economy. I always feel sorry for the man who has to buy the stuff that he has to eat. Life has no culinary surprises for him, and when he is pottering around making his purchases I always imagine that he is regarded with suspicion as a person who has no confidence in his wife. The man whose mind is filled with even the ordinary cares of life should carefully keep his finger out of the kitchen stew-pans. Moreover, he should stay away from the drygoods stores when his wife is buying her gown or supplies for the children. He may think he is smart, but he is not "in it" with a woman as a buyer, and he destroys one of the, to her, sweetest features of life, the pleasure of showing him what she has got for the money that he allows her for housekeeping. I know men who never let their wives buy a hat or a chemise, or anything else, without being on hand to examine the article and converse about the price and quality. A man never learns anything about this sort of thing, and his wife does not know the happiness of being her own mistress until he is dead.

Taken altogether, I think the ordinary household is a poorly organized affair as regards the general convenience and the possible minimum of expense. No ordinary business could survive if run on the same principles. For instance, if a man with a large store were to have his clerks come to him every morning and say: "What shall we put on the bargain counter? What shall we make to-day's feature? What shall we buy for the afternoon's trade?" the whole business would be in chaos in a week. Heads of departments buy and sell as if they were the proprietors, and when they are found unfitted for the position, either as buyers or sellers, they are discharged. Of course a man cannot discharge his wife, though I am afraid some men would like to. But some sort of system can be introduced and insisted upon which will leave a man entirely free from the everlasting question of "What shall we have for dinner?" "Is there anything you would like?" "Jennie must have a new hat!" "Jimmie must have a new suit of underwear!" "Shall I buy Billie a Scotch cap or a fifteen-cent hat at Cheatem's?" It seems to me the wife ought to be educated up to her own business and not make the home life of the man an unending dialogue with regard to food and raiment.

I have a friend who settled the much-discussed culinary part of the business by preparing a bill of fare. On Sunday the order is a leg of lamb, and this goes whether there is any lamb in season or not. On Monday, as far as I remember what he told me, he has Irish stew; Tuesday, roast beef; Wednesday, chicken pot pie or roast chicken; Thursday, beef stew or pot roast; Friday, fish and eggs; Saturday, beef-steak. The vegetables and the soups and et ceteras are arranged in the same way. He tells me that after years he cannot tell yet what to expect for dinner, but that he is at least free from the everlasting question of what he would like to eat. He lives in a simple way, and everything that is required for his house-keeping is bought in such a way that he can never surprise his wife with a guest, for if there is too little of one thing there is something else in stock. He has a considerable family, and what is left over is always taken care of, and the one dish is always beautifully cooked. His cellar is stocked like a farmer's, with plenty, and he assures me that his living expenses are not half what they were when he had no system. No matter if his cook goes away and a new one comes, his wife knows how to handle the few things that are to be expected on the table, and in a couple of weeks a new servant can be taught all that is necessary. His simple life is to be envied, and what is still more to be envied is the good cooking which he apparently always has. There is no telephoning at the last moment, but the butcher keeps his best pieces for him, and no distracted racing up and down stairs to provide for an emergency. He considers what is good enough for him is good enough for his visitor; and though he has an income which might provide him with a much more elaborate menu, domestic life is rendered so simple that his table is a favorite gathering-place of his friends, who are quite well aware that even if invited on short notice they will not be in the road nor an embarrassment to anyone.

This little excursion into the small things of domestic life leads up to the general question of whether those organizations for simplifying the sale and delivery of household necessities, are

not a benefit rather than a tyranny. Why should ten milk-wagons deliver milk on the same street? Why should a half a dozen ice-men go past your door? Why should butcher boys from all over the city run over the youngsters on the street and spread consternation wherever they go? Why should bakers from every locality waste their time delivering bread so far from home and yet over so great a radius? Would it not be better to have these things organized, the price reduced, the quality ensured by proper municipal examination, and the turmoil of life decreased by the presence of fewer delivery wagons of all sorts? As Burke Cochrane said the other day in Chicago, "A trust is not an evil so long as it keeps up the quality and keeps down the price, and receives no favors of any kind which a private competitor could not obtain." This is not an argument in favor of departmental stores, which depend chiefly upon fraudulent advertisements and pretended bargains. It points alone to the arrangement of business, chiefly the delivery of goods and the excellence which follows the handling of large quantities of perishable articles swiftly and at the lowest possible price. A milk trust would be a good thing if the milk from the cow reached the consumer purer and with less loss of time and at a less price.

All trusts, of course, are dangerous, but people will soon learn that they cannot make money by running small businesses which have no special warrant for their existence, and which must increase the expense and cause a deterioration of the article delivered. Housekeepers must also learn to order their goods and conduct their housekeeping so as to cause the least

license for each additional class of from \$300 to \$500, as may be determined by municipal enactment. In each city the Governor of the State appoints a commissioner to enforce the operation of this law. Mr. E. M. Trowen, secretary of the Toronto Retail Merchants' Association, attended a conference and banquet held at St. Louis last week to celebrate the going into force of the new law. Over eleven hundred delegates were present from nearly all parts of the United States. The law was passed in the Legislature of Missouri by a sweeping majority, and its operation will be followed with interest everywhere.

A COUPLE of weeks ago I attended a convention in New Haven, Conn., and as the hotels were filled I was quartered, by the kindness of the entertainment committee, in one of the handsome dormitories for which Yale College is becoming celebrated. My own memory of college life is that of very dingy quarters and a hard struggle to make ends meet, but I got a glimpse of what may be presumed to be the nearest possible approach to the "royal road to learning." The suite of rooms which chance permitted me to occupy were those usually occupied by a millionaire's son, and consisted of a bed-room finished in oak, as large as an ordinary drawing-room, and a "study" room, which was larger still. I can hardly be considered as betraying the confidence of a guest if I say that I never saw anything more "scrumptious" in the way of bachelor apartments. The young man has evidently been provided with every necessity and luxury: foils, rapiers, fishing-rods, guns, punching-bags, beautiful pictures, handsome carpets, magnificent bed,

cosmopolitan of the colleges of the United States, less intense than Harvard, and yet providing opportunities for young men to make something of themselves which are perhaps not exceeded by any other school in the whole of the United States. It is to be feared, however, that the handsome dormitories and apartment hotels—where five dollars per week is the minimum for a room, without board—which are becoming a feature of the college town, will soon introduce social and class differences, which have hitherto been less conspicuous in Yale than in other American universities. The power of money and the luxuries which those who possess unlimited wealth are able to obtain, are not likely to be factors in the upbuilding of a university, but as it now stands Yale is a delightful spot to visit, and New Haven and its hospitable people, when once known, are not likely to be soon forgotten.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company I have always believed, and still believe, to be better equipped for the management of a fast Atlantic service than any company that could be organized or subsidized. For years I have been almost, if not absolutely, alone in urging this proposition, recognizing, however, the difficulties which stand in the way of a railroad corporation being in possession of what will practically be the best Canadian means of Atlantic entrance and exit. I have personal knowledge of the fact that the fast Atlantic line has long been the dream of Sir William Van Horne's great mind, and have more than once written short sketches of his idea of taking a passenger from London and landing him in Japan or China without leaving a Canadian Pacific railroad train or steamer, passed by nothing more than a little pasteboard ticket. When, however, Sir William asserts, as it is said he has asserted in an interview, that the fast Atlantic service cannot be undertaken by the Canadian Pacific without possession of the Intercolonial Railway or that section of it which connects the C. P. R. short line at St. John with Halifax, I am free to confess that the price is too great, and if we cannot have the best fast Atlantic service on earth without this, we had better accept something less startling. The people of the Maritime Provinces would not accept on any terms the alienation of the Intercolonial Railway from Government control. I know this, because I went over the Intercolonial some years ago with the purpose of finding out exactly the sentiments of the people with regard to the matter. The people of the provinces by the sea are not more jealous of anything than they are of the rights which Confederation gave them to a Government line of communication with the older provinces.

If it is Sir William's idea that the fast Atlantic service naturally belongs to the Canadian Pacific, let him figure it out without including any section of the I.C.R. as a subsidy. His line already reaches St. John, N.B., and he can either make that the terminus or obtain communication with Halifax in some other manner than by a proprietorship of the Intercolonial rails. It is a preposterous proposition at best, to say that a railroad competing with other railroads in Canada should have the only means of reaching Halifax, where the vessels are to be loaded and unloaded. It would give the proprietary railroad every opportunity to make rates for passengers and freight in the winter time, and would practically create a monopoly of winter shipments from a Canadian port. What is most to be desired is some arrangement which will cause both the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R. to withdraw their shipments from Boston and Portland in favor of a Canadian port. Such an arrangement as the one Sir William suggests would have the opposite effect, as the Grand Trunk could not be hoped to give the C. P. R. any freight at Montreal for a long haul to Halifax when they could carry it over their own rails to Portland. It is a pity there is such a misunderstanding with regard to the value of short and swift Atlantic service. I am convinced that it would be a profitable enterprise. Though this is the fact, it could not be profitably purchased by the Canadian people by destroying the independence of the Intercolonial. Possibly equal rights granted by the C. P. R. over its short line, or over the main line of the Intercolonial, might provide competition in the loading and unloading of vessels and the conveyance of passengers, but it seems to me that the policy of the Government should be to approach nearer the public control and management of railways rather than to recede further from the point aimed at when Confederation was consented to.

TALKING about Government control of railways, I have frequently had occasion to endorse the idea of the Manitoba and Western people, who claim that they should have an "open door" to the lakes by means of a railroad. The building of the Rainy River road might have been made all that the people of the West desired, and if Western opposition is developed towards the Federal Government, when next it appeals to the people it will be on a basis of having disregarded the desires or necessities of the Prairie country to obtain the cheapest possible exit for the products of the land. It has been said, and probably truly said, that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann are neither a part of the C. P. R.'s system nor likely to become such. We all know very well that what is the fact to-day may be a fallacy to-morrow. The contract awarded Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann is supposed to safeguard the interests of the West, yet when has it ever been discovered that the provisions of a charter have been proof against combinations, amalgamations, leases, and agreements? I do not doubt that the road is now entirely independent, but when competition forces two managements to consult, an agreement or a consolidation is almost certain to result. Running rates for other roads may have been granted, as in the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, and other roads may run over the rails of the Rainy River, and it may be that Mackenzie and Mann have vested in them nothing more than a Government trusteeship of the heavily subsidized road which is being built. Nevertheless, the people of Canada will not be satisfied with this, much less in the future than in the present or the past.

The Canadian Government should be the trustee and not leave the line in the hands of a corporation. The right of ownership should be vested in those who have provided the money or such a large share of the money. When the roads subsidized by the Government are practically owned by the Government, then we may expect the people to have some voice in their management and nothing more. When the C. P. R. is chosen as the trustee, as in the case of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, and when Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann are the trustees, as the Government claims they are, in the Rainy River Railway, private management will include all sorts of obstruction of Government measures and an interference with the Government much more dangerous than if the Government were itself the acting managers.

It was once said in jest that the time would come when every man would be proprietor of a railroad or a canal. This will be realized when the Government is the owner, not only of the canals, but the railways, for when the Government owns the roads the people will dictate the tariff, and the Federal Parliament will adjust the carrying rates to the necessities of those who produce. If a Government railroad is honestly managed it matters little whether it makes money or not if what is lost is lost in equalizing the burdens of the people and furnishing a cheap output and reasonable means of import to those who are remote from the waterways. To be truly and permanently popular I am convinced that the Government, instead of granting further bonuses, should look towards the acquirement of all railways. It is nonsense to talk about our being unable to honestly manage a Government railway system. Nothing can be more closely scrutinized, or by comparison with other roads be



IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

possible expense to the merchant, and consequently the least expense to the consumer. As the world grows older people of every sort must understand that co-operation, either of effort or of an organized sort, is necessary to the reduction of prices, to first-class service and the best quality of goods. Nowhere is this reorganization more necessary than in the household itself. People might live well for the price at which they live poorly, if they only managed as carefully and had as thorough a system as prevails generally amongst well-to-do people in Great Britain and Europe. In Canada and the United States we live extravagantly, wastefully, and yet do not live particularly well. We have fruits, and meats, and bread, and fish, at prices which would astonish Old Country folks, yet the cost of our living is greater than theirs, and the quality of it is below par. The keeping of a house and furnishing of a table is as much a business as the keeping of a store and the furnishing of customers with goods, and it is a business which our girls ought to learn.

FOR cold clammy galls the Toronto *World* distances often its competitors, but in so doing it makes itself both obnoxious and ridiculous. The other day it had the following paragraph, double-leaded and with a border around it: "The Highlanders are not to take part in the Dewey reception, because the *World* pointed out the folly of so doing, and the compromising position in which such an act would place the Queen's uniform and the national honor." Does the *World* imagine for a moment that General Hutton and the Minister of Militia have no opinion of their own? SATURDAY NIGHT, as well as the *World*, objected to the proposed excursion, and had a perfect right to state its objections. These objections may have had some weight and they may not, but neither paper has a right to boast of forcing the hand of General Hutton or the Militia Department. The *World* is a clever paper, but it makes an awful ass of itself when it begins to brag.

THOSE who believe that there should be a change in our system of taxation so that departmental stores could no longer evade the paying of taxes in proportion to the benefit derived by them from the uses to which taxes are put, will be interested to know that the State of Missouri has passed a law which went into effect last week, aimed against the departmental stores. This law divides merchandise into twenty-eight classes, and hereafter in any city in the State with a population of fifty thousand or over, no merchant can handle more than one of these classes of merchandise without paying a

piano, bath-room, desks, book-cases, and cushions—how I should like to dwell on the cushions, large and small, fat and thin, gorgeous beyond description—divans, lounges, easy chairs, everything that the youthful mind could imagine. I can imagine a youth doing anything in those rooms but studying.

The whole dormitory is fitted up in the same luxurious manner, though in order to lessen the expense, sometimes three or four students occupy a suite of rooms. The most obsequious darkies are in attendance, ready to laugh and sing and dance, play the piano or the banjo, at a moment's notice. Of course the boys have to work or they could not remain in the college, though when they work or how they can possibly study if even one outfit is having a jamboree, I cannot imagine. In one suite of rooms I saw the cards of four young fellows who are all descended from Presidents of the United States. I asked the colored fellow who was in attendance if they were good students. "Oh, yes, suh, they haven't as much money as some of them, but they have a awfully good time. Good Lawd," he said, "what fun those fellows have! Of course, suh, the students don't have as much money as they used to, and sometimes they say 'thank you' instead of giving me a half a dollar. Of course, suh, it is very hard to live on the 'thank you,' but we have a pretty good lot in this house, suh. But, good Lawd," he said, "when they ahr having a time they don't do a thing to me, no, not a thing, suh."

I imagine not. All the arrangements of New Haven are made on the basis of giving the boys a good time, which gives one the impression in going about the business places, of a town run by lads. It is a charming city, with most delightful surroundings, possessing much wealth, both in money and culture, yet rich as it is in history and given an appearance of age by the magnificent elms, some of which date back to the time of Benjamin Franklin, it has the atmosphere of youthful proprietorship. There are some three thousand students, and when they get going I imagine they make things hum. Their absence at the time of my visit made it impossible for me to describe student life, but the air of expectancy and of easy yielding to all of a stranger's whims which I saw displayed by shop-keepers and those who ordinarily make their money out of the young fellows, convinced me that the boys have it pretty much their own way.

Few people visit New Haven when going through the United States, but it is worth a day or two's attention. The old buildings are fast disappearing, and millionaire donors are replacing them with exceedingly handsome structures. It is the most



so dispassionately and accurately judged, as a railroad system. The service, people can judge for themselves; the price can be judged as compared with rival roads, either at home or running under similar conditions in the United States.

It may not be very pleasant for the 48th Highlanders to be forbidden an excursion upon which, apparently, the officers and men had set their minds, but I am quite sure that the great majority of the people of Toronto, and indeed of Canada, will agree with General Hutton that it would be impolitic for a Canadian regiment to take part in a jubilation over the defeat of a nation at least "diplomatically" friendly with Canada and Great Britain. So much has been said in this regard that it would only be irritating to repeat the arguments which have been used, and which probably had some effect in inducing the military commander of Canada to stop the proposed demonstration. Just as a suggestion rather than a criticism, it might be remarked that embarrassing situations would often be avoided if permission of those first in charge were asked before negotiations were begun. Hard feeling may be developed by the refusal at the last moment of the 48th Highlanders to take the place assigned to them in the Dewey procession. This would have been avoided had negotiations been with General Hutton instead of the local commander. What was perhaps equivalent to an individual acceptance will make the refusal of the battalion by the General the cause of irritation, whereas if the whole matter had been conducted through the Commander-in-Chief the diplomatic view of it would have been accepted without any special comment.

REMARKS more or less authentic are afloat that the French shore difficulties in Newfoundland are liable to be settled by Anglo-French diplomacy, and that the question of bringing the island into Confederation will be reopened. Whether or not Hon. Mr. Tarte has been taking advantage of his stay in Paris to facilitate the settlement cannot be more than guessed, but it is quite certain that there never was a moment in the history of this protracted dispute more likely to be acceptable to the French people than the present. The fisheries have so dwindled as to be absolutely worthless. The strained situation, so long drawn-out, must have wearied the French diplomatists, as it has time and again embarrassed British statesmen when settling disputes between France and Great Britain. If the French question has been settled or is likely to be settled in the near future, it can be predicted that Newfoundland cannot long remain out of Confederation, and that the Atlantic fast line will find its terminus in northern Newfoundland rather than at Halifax. If having a French-Canadian Premier and such clever aides as Mr. Tarte, results in straightening out these difficulties, not only Canada, but Great Britain, would be benefited to an extent which the average citizen of Canada cannot appreciate.

For many years this open sore has embroiled two of the greatest nations of Europe and kept Newfoundland out of the Confederation to which she properly belongs. None of us who pretend to understand even the superficial facts would ever urge the entrance of Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation so long as the French question is open. We have had enough French questions, and it would embroil us beyond computation if France and Canada were to come into conflict over such a matter as now makes it almost impossible for us to be on friendly terms with the United States in the Alaska boundary affair. If, however, the dispute were settled and the whole matter taken out of British diplomacy, it would be a triumph for Sir Wilfrid Laurier which the British authorities would never forget.

Newfoundland is only being developed. Its marvelous resources have only been tapped. In iron alone it threatens to be one of the greatest countries in the world. It is part of our highroad to Great Britain, for by using ferries and our national highway we can through it approach to within three days' voyage of Great Britain. It has been misgoverned, and the same may be said of Canada, but incorporated in the great northern zone where the British flag floats it would develop into one of our best provinces. Its people speak the same languages as ourselves, for with the exception of a few French its inhabitants are all descended from Britishers. In religion, it would probably be next to Quebec the strongest Roman Catholic province in Confederation, but those who might take offence at this should look to the future, when the small politics of the present would be transformed by a new population. Altogether it would make a desirable increase to our population and territory, for the people are industrious, law-abiding, and are consumers of our products to an extent which is probably not understood. According to the last Trade and Commerce report their business was worth in 1897 about \$10,000,000, of which some two millions was with Canada. If it is within the realm of possibility to bring this island into Confederation unhampered by any racial question, the Dominion Government should not fail to conclude the bargain as early as possible, so long as the terms are not too onerous.

ASTOUNDING indeed is the old-fogeyism of the English-speaking world which prevents the adoption of the metric system of weight and measurement. Canadians cannot conceive how Great Britain and some of her colonies still retain the system of pounds, shillings and pence, as opposed to the decimal system of counting money in force in Canada and the United States. By multiplying by tens and hundreds and simply moving a decimal point, we can compute in a moment what it takes careful calculation to be reckoned in pounds, shillings and pence, yet England, with a perversity which cannot be accounted for, clings to the old method. Yet how much more progressive are we when in weights we insist on retaining grains, scruples, drams, ounces, pounds, and tons? How much harder we make the work of children at school and that of clerks all through life, by insisting on lines, inches, feet, yards, chains, rods, acres, and all that sort of thing. The simple metric system which does everything by decimals is immeasurably easier, more exact and intelligible.

Just what struck the council of the Toronto Board of Trade that it should recommend the metric system, one can hardly tell, but its recommendation is a timely and sensible one, and surely the progress of the world is sufficient to ensure the adoption of the metric system before many years. This being the case, it would be well for the Minister of Education to hasten the day by having the system in vogue in so many of the European countries, taught in our schools. Every child learning the two systems—and the metric system can be learned almost in a day—would be an advocate for its adoption. As life becomes more complicated and as the measurements of electrical forces and other quantities unknown when the old weights and measures system was adopted, force themselves upon the people, the metric system will of necessity prevail. As Canada was the first country to adopt the new standard time and was the leader in the idea of penny postage within the Empire, it should be the foremost in the promotion of this necessary reform. When Great Britain adopts the metric system it will doubtless adopt decimal currency, the absence of which is a detriment to her trade, for all new countries have adopted it and the metric system as well—excepting Canada and the United States in the latter instance.

#### The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Should a Man Marry on \$600 a Year?

Phillips Thompson says yes—

Yes, provided he thoroughly realizes and accepts the limitations which marriage upon a small income imposes. The difficulty is that so many young men rush into matrimony without counting the cost in the way of sacrificing the small, though in the aggregate expensive, pleasures and luxuries of bachelorhood. The man who has been accustomed to smoke several cigars a day, cultivate the reputation of a jolly good fellow among his circle of friends, and go to the theater about twice a week, in short, to spend all his income upon himself, is foolish to think of marriage, even upon a considerably larger margin, unless he is pre-

pared to give these habits up, otherwise debt and discomfort are sure to ensue. He must make his choice, and so must the girl. If a young couple are prepared to live closely and economically they can do it on the figure specified, and they will be the better for it. It's surprising how many things you can do without if you have co. If a young man is prepared to make the needful sacrifices and finds a congenial and like-minded helpmate, the chances are that he will be happier and more contented, succeed better in life and live longer than as a single man. Some Frenchman says—it is always a Frenchman who gets off these smart things—"Bachelorhood is a splendid breakfast, a tolerable dinner and a miserable supper." The old bachelor as a rule is an unhappy, disgruntled creature, narrow in his sympathies, with his mind centered upon his own troubles and interests. His comrades of the old days are dead, scattered or grown away from him, and we make few new friends after middle age. The married man always finds new interests and associations as his family grow up and his social circle expands. He is apt to attain more prosperity than the single man, because he has stronger incentives to work and save, and other things being equal, employers will give him the preference, regarding his family ties as a guarantee of stability and respectability. The man who delays matrimony too long in the hope of increasing his income runs the danger of lapsing into chronic bachelorhood. If he has any margin at all over living expenses he will find it easier to save money after marriage than when exposed to the temptations to lavish expenditure which beset the single man.

Franklin Gadsby on catch-as-catch-can marriages.

God forbid I should answer this question in the negative when church synods are deploring the low birth rate of Ontario. I am perfectly aware that the man who wants to get married will find arguments even on six hundred a year. It is not the money talks, but the young blood in his veins, the desire for companionship, the necessity of completing his nature which is androgynous. Love is an artful reasoner, though a blind archer. Having made the wound, he proceeds to justify his action. The young man, with six hundred a year, is a ready convert. He will tell you—Cupid being his instigator—that what's enough for one is enough for two, that he is ready to sacrifice his cigars if little Benny wants a pair of shoes, and that one room, where love lives, is better than a house in St. George street and conjugal indifference. The fact that a woman depends on him, he argues, will spur him on to greater efforts and larger salaries. In short, his life will have a serious, ennobling purpose—to make money and a home for his wife and children. These be fine words and unselfish, coming from the view-point of love. But alas-a-day, what a divergence between theory and practice! How many six-hundred-dollar men have given up their tobacco through matrimony? How many have surrendered one bachelor luxury? Is love still at white heat, or have the fires burned low because wife and husband cannot afford to get their winter ulsters at the same time? Really, I hesitate to answer this question, because I would not discourage any institution that might fill the vast unoccupied areas of the North-West. However, I am inclined to think there are too many catch-as-catch-can marriages where the wife, after the honeymoon is over, goes home "to stay with mother."

Charles Lewis Shaw thinks she should have more.

If he is domestic in his tastes, smokes a pipe, is fond of the girl, and she insists on it, he should. Still, it would be better if she had a little more than six hundred a year. He might not be able to make more than \$500 himself to help things along, and \$1,000 do not insure an untroubled voyage on the matrimonial sea, if you are not traveling steerage. Still, if your wife has a good situation, with the prospect of a raise, or her income is from first mortgages or bank stocks, I think I would allow the affections of a loving nature loose and make some woman happy with \$600 a year. It would pay the rent, clothe us somehow or other, and keep me in tobacco. I could possibly hustle enough for the grub. I would, manlike, prefer to feel that I was providing for the household. However, I wouldn't like to live in Toronto and do it on less; not that I am receiving any urgent invitations to change my mind, but from careful observation among the reckless friends who have married, I believe that at least \$1,200 is necessary for what we have gone ahead of our grandfathers in believing are necessary for our comfort and happiness. Still, if two people are madly in love—and they do say that people get that way—and it requires the watchfulness of two large families, the warnings of their acquaintances, the sending away of the girl to her mother's maiden aunt for a year, the insulting of the young man and the assistance of the police force, it is probably better to let them get married on any old income. They will then find that the law of nature is regulated by the law of the latter end of the nineteenth century. Still, I lent a man five dollars ten years ago in the North-West to get married on. He has now seven children and seems to be doing nicely, but at that rate I don't wonder at his not repaying the amount that made these contingencies possible.

John Lewis says this question involves everything.

It seems to me that if I could answer this question, I could solve the riddle of existence. It involves the labor question, education, women's rights, social ambitions, rent, taxes, the price of butter, Malthus, Sarah Grand, and the single tax. What sort of a man is to be married, what sort of woman, and how have they been accustomed to live? What does the man work at, and what are his prospects? Do her ambitions run toward philosophy, domestic happiness, or seakins saucers? The sum of \$600 is spoken of as if it were the minimum, but I have an idea that if every mechanic and laborer in this country were to strike for that income, even in the best of times, the wheels of industry would cease to turn. The question is practically limited to members of the professional and commercial classes. In these days, when women are entering so many new occupations, the idea of "marrying for a home" is going out of fashion. That is a good thing, for it was a sordid notion, and was probably the cause of some unhappy unions. The young woman who has an assured living as a teacher, or nurse, or clerk, can afford to wait for a choice which will be the result of genuine affection and intelligent judgment. There are compensations in everything, and this is the compensation for the competition of women, of which young men sometimes complain. If a girl takes your place in the office, you are relieved from the obligation of providing her with a home. On the other hand, if, by reason of female competition, you are not able to earn \$600, or any other sum, then it becomes unnecessary to answer this question. Late marriages are the natural correctives of the evils of our social system. It is almost useless to advise people to marry young and live simply, while the social conditions by which they are surrounded favor luxury and ostentation. A whole community of people whose ideals are plain living and high thinking, cultivating thought, affection and the arts "on a little oatmeal," could live very happily on very small incomes; but one family trying to live up to that ideal in a village of Philistines is apt to feel lonely, to become discouraged, and finally to be drawn aside from the green fields into the crowded and dusty road in which the race for wealth and social distinction is run.

Mark thinks one-tenth of it will do.

My opinion is that a man should marry on even \$600 a year if he meets the right woman. He should not marry the wrong woman, whatever his income. What I mean to say is that the male adult should marry the moment he has the courage to say grace and the skill to carve a roast fowl. There may be no roast turkey in sight at \$600 a year, but such a man will feel so much new sense of consequence that he will earn more and more, and when he does get a turkey it will taste better than any ever eaten by a king. He may not own a foot of land nor a hemlock board to go towards the making of a house, but, having a wife, he will feel that he is somebody and he will go out and prove it to others. He will shove his fist into the world's face and defy it to hold him down. He has as much to fight for, as much to live for, as the man with millions—he has more to live for, because he still has his way to make. All this, mind you, only holds good if he gets the right woman. He may get a good, or a

beautiful, or a rich woman, yet not the right one—and the right woman is the one who can divine his thoughts, whose thoughts he can divine. Each must feel that the triumph was not in winning the other, but remains to be won in deserving the other. How can a man who looks for a bargain in matrimony, who goes about pricing goods, seeking from shop to shop so to speak, postponing the deal and starving his soul to spare his purse—how can he marry happily whatever his income? In the end he usually snaps up a wife from the second-hand counter and calls marriage a failure. I think a man should get back to nature, marry when he ought to, and with added incentive strive to make headway.

#### The Cause.

Said Sandy McTavish  
As he combed out his sporan:  
"The Kilts can't go  
To a country that's foreign.  
If a war was afoot  
Where would all these laws be?  
So that's not a cause.  
Now what can the cause be?"

Said David McPherson,  
As he pipelayed his gaiters:  
"We can't go amongst  
These Canada haters.  
They'd fete us and feast us  
Till where would our jaws be?  
Still that's not a cause.  
Now what can the cause be?"

Said Donald McDonald  
As he smoothed out his bonnet:  
"I've thought on this thing,  
And the more I think on it  
The more would I go  
Where good lager and slaws be.  
But that's not a cause.  
Now what can the cause be?"

Said Dougal McDougal:  
"With this gear and these plaidies  
The golfers might take us  
For picturesque caddies.  
And if we got going,  
Pray where would a pause be?  
Still that's not a cause.  
Now what can the cause be?"

Then up spoke a sergeant:  
"In matters martial  
This Ottawa outfit  
Is strictly official.  
First they must be asked,  
And that's where the flaws be.  
We've got a good cause  
And that's Colonel Cosby."

—Franklin Gadsby, in the Evening Star.

#### Social and Personal.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI, who is announced to visit Toronto in the second week of October for a two days' cricket match against local players at Rosedale, brings with him the most distinguished team of gentlemen cricketers ever seen in America. Along with the Prince are Messrs. A. C. MacLaren, A. E. Stoddart, C. L. Townsend, S. M. J. Woods, G. L. Jessop, B. Braun, B. J. Bosanquet, W. L. Llewellyn, and others. These names are familiar to cricketers the world over. In another column will be found a short sketch of Prince Ranjitsinhji. In England and on the score book he is known as K. S., which are the initials of Kumar Shri, meaning prince. He is of medium height and does not give evidence of the great physical force that he must possess. At Cambridge he played football until one of his knees gave way. Having played both Association and Rugby he prefers the latter. He is fond of shooting and somewhat of cycling, and at one time could play lawn tennis better than cricket. He has bowled a little too, so altogether the Prince is very Anglo-Saxon in his tastes for games. Toronto lovers of these several sports will be interested in seeing the Indian Prince who has such a marvelous record in cricket. I understand that every preparation will be made at Rosedale for the reception of a large attendance on the occasion of this great cricket match. Many out-of-town visitors may be expected if we get some of our golden October weather for the two days.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday, September 19, at Stratford, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Annie Inman of that place to Mr. Arthur E. Lugsdin of Toronto. The officiating clergyman was Rev. M. L. Leitch, pastor of Knox church, Stratford. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present. After the ceremony the happy couple left on a visit to Detroit and Cleveland. Mrs. Lugsdin will receive her friends on Monday and Tuesday, October 2 and 3, at 622 Ontario street.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Morrison, and family, having spent the summer at 288 Lake Shore road, Center Island, return to town October 2, and will be en pension at 608 Church street for the winter.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place in St. Peter's church on Wednesday morning, September 20, the contracting parties being Miss Helen E. Moore, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Moore, this city, and Mr. G. G. Mackenzie, also of Toronto. Rev. T. Beverley Smith officiated. The bride wore a handsome blue cloth traveling suit, with blue mirror velvet toque, trimmed with grebe wings and castor and cerise rosettes, and was attended by her sister, Miss V. Louise Moore. Mr. Alec Mackenzie was best man. After partaking of the wedding breakfast at the home of the bride in Mutual street, the happy pair left for a trip to Buffalo, followed by showers of rice and good wishes.

The fall races of the Country and Hunt Club for 1899 began last Saturday, and, thanks to that old fellow terrible, the weather, a great many people were able to enjoy the sport. About two o'clock King street was animated by an eastward-moving crowd; street cars were full; carriages filled with gayly-attired ladies and well-dressed men, and an occasional tally-ho with a regular flower-garden top, made brilliant parts to a scattered procession of many kinds of vehicles whose destination was the Woodbine. September sunlight shows up well the white fences, looking immaculate against green grass in Nature's best fall shade. Beyond all this, looking south, lay the lake, rippling and cold. The attendance at the fall races is never so large as at the spring meet, and though Saturday was a fine day, the chilliness in the air forbade certain dresses being worn which may command, and so the color scheme one sees in the fall Woodbine picture of beauty and fashion is totally different. Toronto is not large enough to be unobservant of new faces, and some of them we noticed on Saturday were: Lord Justice FitzGibbon of Ireland and Miss FitzGibbon; Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, from Montreal; Sir Gilbert Carter, Governor of the Bahamas, and Miss Carter; Mr. and Mrs. Townsend of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth of Genesee; Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Hendrie of Hamilton, and Mrs. Sparks of Philadelphia. Many Toronto people who have been away all summer were present renewing acquaintances and being welcomed back. Some of these were: Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones, Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson and Mrs. Clinch. The week's racing which followed the opening day was not a success socially. More wretched weather could hardly be produced than what came to us the fore part of this week. My lady had to remain indoors, and indeed it was small pleasure to see horses race in mud.

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### Notes from the Capital.

A THOROUGHLY successful exhibition, which extended over two weeks, has just closed. The crowds which it brought to the city seem to have melted away, so fast did they disappear. And Ottawa is at that state of existence which might be described as "out of season." But home-comings, than which there is nothing much nicer, are the order of the day. The vacant places in society are fast filling up, and the words that one hears frequently in the streets are: "Welcome home! When did you get back?" Shortly the amenities of life in the city will begin again—the visiting and lunching, the gorgeous toilettes and the At Homes. "Dreadful! Is it not, to think that the winter is upon us," said a leader of society the other day. She had just got back from a quiet village by the sea, and she spoke regretfully of her finished "holidays." Had she been a hard-worked typewriter girl she could not have been more dismal over the settling down to work again. And her business in life is what by most people would be called pleasure.

Those who got back to town first had some interesting bits of news ready for the late-comers—news of engagements and marriages. Miss Thistle's engagement to Mr. Gill, manager of the Bank of Commerce; Mr. Adamson's engagement to Miss Cawthra of Toronto, were both thorough surprises to most people.

Then there is the engagement of Mr. Arthur Horan—a man who in spite of a fondness for playing to the gallery was a great favorite in Ottawa seven or eight years ago—to a young woman of Buffalo, N.Y. Mr. Horan was at one time a Franciscan monk, a very short time, walking the streets of the city bare-footed, with his brown habit fastened at the waist with a cord. He was quite a picturesque figure then. Later he was secretary to Sir C. H. Tupper and went to England with him on business of the Department. He is now a lawyer in the city of Buffalo, and is to join the ranks of the benedictines on October 5.

Besides these announcements there are some interesting rumors current as to future engagements, but rumors are hardly for publication. Much excitement was caused in society circles last week by a rumor which found its way into the columns of a morning paper to the effect that a married lady of Sandy Hill (eminently respectable Sandy Hill) had eloped with a gentleman high in the service of the Government. The lady, it said, was a prominent member of several charitable organizations. "Who can it be?" said everybody. Alas! for Sandy Hill, several names were mentioned, all of them connected with charitable organizations. It was shocking, but interesting. Since then the ladies of Sandy Hill have taken to parading Sparks street at the hour when all the world is there. Why is it? Do they want their friends to know they are still here? The story was a canard pure and simple, and it was a rather down one at that. But it gave people something to talk about.

His Excellency the Governor-General has been fishing—a pastime he thoroughly enjoys. The Countess of Minto came up to Ottawa from Quebec, where she had had a very good time, on Monday, and spent most of the week at Government House. Now she is off for England, sailing on September 30. The Countess is so very bright and charming that she will be greatly missed from Ottawa, but I understand her visit to England will be a short one, and that she will be with us again before the cold weather sets in.

Mr. Meagher, the professional skater who did such wonderful things on the ice last winter with Lady Minto for his partner, was in Ottawa lately for a few days. It is more than probable that he will spend next winter here. There is some talk of forming a skating club—for mutual improvement apparently—and engaging Mr. Meagher for coach. I hardly think this will materialize, as the difficulties in the way are great. However, there is every prospect of skating being as popular at the Capital next winter as it was last, when the non-skaters had a hard time to keep up with the rest. They often found themselves not quite "in it."

On Tuesday afternoon there was a "tea" which everybody enjoyed, at the residence of Mr. Justice Gwynne in Metcalfe street. It was given for Rev. Mr. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, who have spent the summer with Judge and Mrs. Gwynne at Brockville, and who are sailing in another week for their home at Montone. This tea was the first large one since people got back to town. It was also a particularly bright one.

The Inter-provincial golf tournament is going on at the Ottawa links. Golfers and their friends can talk of nothing else. A smart tea is to be given at the clubhouse on Friday afternoon by the President and Mrs. Irwin. AMARYLLIS.

Ottawa, Sept. 26, 1899.

### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston are settled at 75 St. George street and will be there for the winter.

During the absence of Mr. J. N. Kitchen's family, of Broadbalt street, his house will be occupied by Dr. Meyer of St. Andrew's College.

Mrs. H. B. Yates, wife of Dr. Yates of Montreal, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Bunting, in St. Patrick street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers have removed to 88 Gloucester street, where they expect to remain during the winter.

Mr. Woodburn Osborne, son of Mr. J. Kerr Osborne of Clover Hill, sailed on Wednesday for England to rejoin his regiment, which is likely to be ordered to Africa in case of war. Mr. Osborne accompanied his son as far as New York.

Mrs. Elmsley's niece, Miss Bradshaw of England, who spent the summer in

Canada with her aunt, has returned to her home in Leamington, Eng.

Professor Charlton Black and Mrs. Black, who was formerly Miss Agnes Knox, the well known elocutionist, were in town until Monday, when they returned to Boston. They came here to welcome Rev. Armstrong Black, the newly inducted pastor of St. Andrew's church, and who is a brother of Professor Black.

Mr. T. A. Collins and Mr. B. Smith of Toronto left for Muskoka on September 18 for a few weeks' partridge shooting.

Mrs. John T. Anderson received for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday at her home, 200 Sorauren avenue, and in spite of the rain many callers came to the bride, who looked very attractive in her cosy home. Mrs. Anderson receives on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

Dr. William Burnett of Montreal and Mrs. Burnett are the guests of Mr. G. G. Burnett of Homewood avenue.

An engagement is announced between Miss Lilian Hughes, third daughter of the late Mr. B. B. Hughes of Toronto, and Mr. H. R. O'Reilly of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Dundas.

Mrs. Edwyn A. Langmuir, formerly Miss Cavers of Columbus, Ohio, will be at Home Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, October 4 and 5, at 459 Huron street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd of Glasgow, Scotland, are guests this week of Mr. Hugh McCulloch, sr., at Galt, Mr. Boyd's cousin. He is Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the Western District of Scotland, and is en route to the Pan-Presbyterian Conference at Washington next week. Mrs. Boyd is a cousin of Judge Chisholm of Berlin.

Rev. Louis H. Jordan of St. James Square church left on Wednesday for Boston and Philadelphia. Like many other clergymen he goes to be present at the International Congressional Council and the Pan-Presbyterian Council in these two cities respectively.

On Tuesday Mrs. Auguste Bolte returned to town with her children from Cobourg, where they have enjoyed the summer.

Mrs. James Wheelock and her daughter Adeline, of New York, return to their home next Monday, having spent a pleasant fortnight with Mrs. Wheelock's sister-in-law, Mrs. Cleland Hamilton of Glen Lodge, Rosedale.

Miss Constance Klingner of Madison avenue, who has been visiting friends in New York, Boston and Montreal, has returned home.

Miss Westmacott and Miss H. M. Proctor have returned, after spending the summer abroad.

A quiet but pretty wedding of some interest to Torontonians took place at the Church of the Ascension, Mount Vernon, N.Y., on Saturday, September 16, at 5 p.m. The contracting parties were Cana-

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LADY BARBARITY—By the author of "Mistress Dorothy Marston."  
HONOR OF THIEVES—By author of "Capt. Kettle."  
THE PATH OF A STAR—By Sara Jeanette Duncan.

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dians, Miss Sara Augusta Smith of Dunnville, Ontario, and Mr. Thomas G. D. Bell of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Taylor in the presence of a few relatives and friends, and shortly afterwards the happy couple left for Philadelphia, where Mr. Bell has an important position with the Pressed Steel Car Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons have returned to town from Balmy Beach, and taken residence at 121 Carlton street.

Mrs. H. H. Humphrey and her brother, Mr. Sears, of Pembroke street, have returned from the Adirondacks.

That the Kneisel Quartette will be here on Wednesday, October 4, has raised delightful anticipations from all who know what an evening of rare pleasure is promised. The ladies of the Chamber Music Association deserve hearty support from all music-lovers in Toronto, for without their efforts we would be deprived of the opportunity of hearing the best chamber music. The work of the Kneisel men in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its frequent rehearsals and concerts, precludes their playing away from Boston and New York save on special occasions. In both New York and Boston the name Kneisel is one to conjure with and invariably means a bumper house.

Wednesday, October 11, is the day fixed for the marriage of Miss Georgie McLean, daughter of the late William McLean, and Mr. Laurence Wedd of the Bank of Hamilton.

Professor Huntingford of Trinity has returned to Toronto with his bride, and many will be delighted to meet Mrs. Huntingford, whose husband has made friends here during bachelorhood.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on September 20 at Blackburn Park, Fergus, when Miss Mabel K. Black, third daughter of the late Mr. John Black, became the wife of Edward B. Hayward, business manager of the Woodland Daily Democrat, Woodland, California. Rev. Mr. Mullan performed the ceremony, in the presence of only a few relatives and intimate friends. The bride was handsomely gowned in white French embroidered mull over turquoise blue silk, with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Florence, attired in white organdie over yellow. Mr. F. A. Black of Paisley acted as groomsmen and Miss Morrow played the Wedding March. After the ceremony a dainty breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward left by C. P. R. to visit points of interest, after which they go, via Chicago and Salt Lake City, to their home in California.

Captain G. M. Duff, Royal Engineers, recently stationed at Simla, arrived in town Monday and is staying at Government House. Captain Duff is a nephew of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and will probably remain here during the absence of Lieut. Elmsley at the Royal Military College at Kingston.

Captain McDonnell and Mrs. McDonnell of Winnipeg are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Spadina avenue.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeaton Hall held a farewell reception on Tuesday afternoon before leaving for Europe, where she will spend the winter together with Mr. Henry Cawthra, her daughters, Mrs. Harry Brock and Miss Grace Cawthra, and Mr. Harry Brock.

Mrs. Lehman, wife of Dr. Lehman of Spadina avenue, has returned from Montreal, where she was in attendance on her brother, Hon. J. D. Cameron of Winnipeg, who was for some time seriously ill at the Windsor. Mr. Cameron is well on the way to recovery and has gone to the White Mountains to recuperate.

Miss Lauder Sutherland of the Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of Mrs. E. W. Day, 62 Close avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. W. McC. Davidson, (nee Robertson), will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday, October 6, at her home, 14 Lakeview avenue, and on first

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# Under the Golden Spears.

A SKETCH OF AN IRISH VILLAGE

By M. E. FRANCIS.

THIS is a typical Irish village of the more prosperous kind. It has four public houses, two churches, the police barracks, where half a dozen fine specimens of manhood work frightful havoc amongst maidens' hearts; a grocer's shop, where you can buy boots, flannel petticoats, and newspapers; a post-office, and about a dozen thatched cottages. Children swarm, dogs and chickens abound, able-bodied men in good round numbers lounge of an evening about the corners, and lean against the low white-washed wall yonder; while as for the old women, they appear to be beyond all count. Our house, recently taken, is situated at the upper end of the irregular street, to which it turns its back; a pretty, rambling old mansion looking out on an antiquated garden. Opposite rises a majestic mountain, big and brown and bare; an efficient contrast to the lovely wooded glen on its right, and the velvet hillock to the left, where golden hay-cocks, of a size never to be seen save on this side of the Irish Channel, are scattered over the smooth green sward.

To reach our back-door it is necessary—bear our whereabouts in mind—to cross the front of the house. Privacy, therefore, is never to be calculated on; not only is our every movement visible to the stream of humble visitors who pass before our drawing-room windows, but such of our visitors as have been unable to transact business to their satisfaction in the rear, make a practice of standing before the said windows, and persistently curtsying, until, out of sheer exasperation, we are forced to come to terms with them. The eggs which we have been obliged to buy, the honey which we have consented to consume, the fruit regularly, if reluctantly, purchased, because the vendor thereof pathetically declared he had "wan fut in the gully-hole," would supply a veritable co-oprative store.

Then there are the beggars of every age and variety, from the mite who can scarcely walk alone to the crone who remembers the Rebellion. Our stores of ancient garments are exhausted; our fingers, by dint of constant stitching, reduced to the condition of nutmeg graters. It seems to us that we must have clothed the entire village, and still they come.

The fact of our being a community of ladies, though in general rather an advantage from the beggars' point of view, as implying greater tenderness of heart and nimbleness of hand, has still occasionally its drawbacks. While still at breakfast the other morning, we were informed that "a boy" wished to see us; the footman thought, bashfully, that he wanted some clothes.

"Clothes! How old is he?"

"About twenty, ma'am!"

Not being outfitters on quite so large a scale, we were reluctantly compelled to "draw the line" at youths of twenty.

The old lady who favors us most frequently with her company is, to use the vernacular of the country, somewhat "crabby" as to her temper, and eccentric in her demeanor.

My mother having on one occasion presented her with a warm, flannel petticoat, stipulated that Mary was to wear it, and added—knowing how frequently such garments found their way to the nearest pawnshop—that she would expect to see it on the latter's next appearance.

Accordingly, when again in want of "a grain o' tay," Mary was despatched making her way towards our house, with the white petticoat jauntily disposed outside her ragged gown.

"Why, you're very grand to-day!" remarked an acquaintance. "Who gave you the fine petticoat?"

Whereupon Mary, jerking her thumb forwards, replied respectfully: "A widdy woman beyant there!"

Subsequently, finding the garment in question deficient in the ventilation to which she was accustomed, she trudged up to remonstrate with the donor, asserting in much displeasure that she was "kilt wid the hate."

Most of the recipients of such charity as we can bestow, however, receive it in a more kindly spirit. I shall never forget the transports of gratitude into which one very ancient dame was thrown on being presented with a pair of boots. The blessings which she showered on our heads, the prayers which she poured forth, the good wishes which she formulated, were as earnest as they were rapturous.

"May yez never thirst!" she cried, after engraving a bed in heaven for each of us, and invoking the nine "chores" of angels on our behalf, "may yez drink o' the river that runs through heaven!"

After this poetical outburst she betook herself to the neighboring convent to show off her treasures to the nuns, who, would, she assured us, "be leppin' wid deligt."

In about half an hour she returned, her wrinkled face flushed, her bright blue eyes almost starting out of her head with excitement. It did not transpire that the good Sisters had been so far carried away by their enthusiasm as actually to perform the anticipated athletic feats, but one of the community had been moved to some purpose, having bestowed a pair of stockings on our white-haired protegee, whose nether limbs were now completely arrayed. Standing well in front of our drawing-room windows, and looking up her tattered garments so as to afford us a good view of her poor old spindle-shanks, she gazed downwards on them with an expression of reverence almost amounting to awe, and exclaimed: "Glory be to God, to think I should come into the world to be wearin' the stockin's o' the consecrated to the Lord!"

Quaint and picturesque as is this village of ours, its delights are forgotten in the contemplation of its surroundings; the beauty of the mountains alone being

enough to eclipse all other charms of scenery.

Here is form for those who admire most the grandeur of form. Here the rugged outlines of Bray Head with its patch of blue green fir trees climbing the side, its deep hollows and bold expanse of rock; and there the Sugar-loaves, or Golden Spears—to use the more expressive and poetic name worn by them long ages before some practical Briton (of a commercial turn) bestowed on them their present title. A big, solemn, majestic figure is the greater of these Golden Spears; its rocky summit piercing the heavens; its imposing form changing in aspect with every turn of the many roads that wind about it, and dominating the surrounding country. Not a valley in the neighborhood is complete without this sombre figure in the background; wherever we betake ourselves in our daily walks or drives, shut in though we may be in leafy glens, surrounded by chains of hills, there is still that stately presence looming above us, keeping guard over mountain and dale, and seeming to be the protecting genius of the place.

Again, besides these distinctive landmarks, are there not, stretching away behind them, range upon range of majestic hills, in every variety of shape, and of every shade of color, some of them fantastically crowned with rocks, while others raise their heads from among a dusky growth of pines?

Then this undulating tract of country to the right, with its smooth hillocks, its wild, unkempt hedgerows, the quaint and



picturesque—if occasionally uncomfortable—cabins dotted about amongst the trees; has it not also a beauty of its own?

As for color, there never was such a place for color as here amid the Wicklow hills. King Sugar-loaf wears proudly his royal mantle of exquisite bronze, relieved with amber trimmings, and further set off, as befits a regal garment, by abundance of gold—the gold of low-growing Irish gorse. His younger brother, Ben Bulbin, to give him his ancient title, is a blaze of yellow and purple, while the hues of the more distant hills vary from the most ethereal blue to a dense gloom that is almost black.

Color! What about the hedgerows? The mere sight of their luxuriant growth would drive a British farmer distracted, and yet, oh, these Irish hedgerows, how lovely they are! Perhaps more lovely now than at any other time, for the last of the summer flowers still nestle at their feet and the tangle above is rich with the glories of autumn. Stretches of black-thorn that almost seem on fire, so brilliant are their oranges and reds, alternate with a wild confusion of gorse and bramble, of pale-leaved "sally" and sturdy hazel; while here and there a sapling of delicate ash or elder starts up, purest gold or bleached almost white from amid the ferns and mosses beneath. Those ferns, how they grow! With what grace they curve outwards from the ivy-clad bank, downwards to the tiny stream below; with what cunning, not to say coquetry, they creep in their still vivid green into such close proximity with a scarlet tuft of cranberry, or peep out from amid a drift of lately fallen russet leaves. Side by side with them grow ox-eyed daisies, dandelions of every denomination, brilliant poppies, delicate speedwells; and the irregular line of hedgerow above is broken every now and then by a full-grown hawthorn whose leafless boughs are so thickly clustered over with berries that they resemble nothing so much as gigantic branches of coral.

Just climb up this wooded hill to the right, and you will see something in the way of color. Through the wood, where the silver-stemmed oaks and yellowing larches contrast so vividly with those melancholy Scotch firs, upwards by that winding path, out on the fuzes covered summit; take up your stand by this lone stone wall, and look around you.

Ah! you did not expect to find the sea so near. See it shining beneath us, its vivid transparent blue melting into slate-color at the horizon where that delicate mist unites it with the sky. Grey and violet shadows flit across it, and here, where it tosses its white fringe upon the shore, the sapphire has changed to emerald. To our left, as we stand looking down on it, we have a view of Killiney Bay, almost ideal in its beauty. It lies bathed in light; Dalkey Island, wrapped in mist, being outlined with exquisite softness against the faintly tinted hills beyond. Seeing it as we do, between the lesser Sugar-loaf and Bray Head, the very contrast between the picture and its framework heightens the charm of each;

the two mountains with their rugged outlines and their vivid coloring rendering more ethereal the dreamy loveliness beyond.

The russet autumnal bloom on the distant woods is brightened in places by gold and crimson, where here a scarlet-leaved wild-cherry tree flames forth, and there a stately array of firs stretches out in solemn procession. Now that the sun sinks westward, sheets of gold shine out on the hill-sides where the fawn-colored tips of their tall grasses catch its light. The yellow of the gorse gleams out from hedgerow and mountain-slope, and even the turnip-fields are aflame, the yellow ox-eyed daisy having made its home amid the ridges.

Gazing around at all this beauty, one can understand how intense is the love of the Irish peasant for his native land, how closely his heart-strings are twined about his green valley and his purple hillside, and how natural it is that the parting from them should be dreaded almost more than death. One can realize the passionate tenderness with which the emigrant ever looks towards the old land across the glittering miles of ocean, the yearning which, even in the midst of new found prosperity, will not let him rest; until at last he comes sailing back, with closed eyes that may not weep for gladness, and toil-worn hands folded on his breast, to find his last home in some well known spot, where his own green may wave undisturbed above him, and his heart lie at peace in Irish soil.

It has been said of late by one who labored for years among Irish emigrants, that the children born to them in distant lands inherit this strange love, and that many of them on reaching manhood are drawn by this transmitted longing across the wide seas to the old country which their parents have described in such glowing terms to them.

"But they never come a second time," says the emigrant's friend. Perhaps their younger, keener eyes, escaping the spell that fascinated their fathers, look on a poverty-stricken cabin, a waste of ill-titled land, as a cabin and a waste, not as the home once counted all in all; or perhaps the ideal unconsciously formed within them was too lofty, and the fairyland which they dreamt disenchanted them with the reality; or again, it is perhaps because of a simple "hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt" that they are so ready to cross the desert ocean, and to turn their backs upon the Canaan for which the patriarchs of their tribe have sighed in vain. Poor Ireland! beautiful, deserted motherland! To those thou wert a reality, obstinately clung to, passionately beloved; to these but a phantom island, conjured up for a brief space amid the shining waters, and then lost sight of for evermore!

No evidence of the disturbance so widely spread over the country is perceptible (at least to a casual observer) in this quiet neighborhood. The people are kindly and obliging, old-fashioned enough still to remove a pipe or drop a curtsy as they pass you, and readily giving a cheery word in answer to your greeting. That they have political opinions of the most advanced type is of course understood, but they are careful never to obtrude them on you. It was amusing to see the cautious way in which old Dan, the oracle of the village yonder, eyed me when I tried to extract from him an expression of his sentiments as to the state of the country. "There's others," he remarked, "oekyiped about it at the present time better able to dale with it than meself." Notwithstanding his assumption of humility, he is a very great personage in these parts, and his opinion carries considerable weight. His history, too, is curious. Born in '38 (his father's house having been wrecked and burnt in those troubled times, and his twin brother perishing in the flames), he sought his fortune by turns in England, in France, and in Algiers. Not succeeding in finding it, he returned to his native village, where he lives (in a loft) on such charity as is offered to him, for he will not stoop to beg. He has a great deal to say about his various experiences in a curious jargon of his own, where provincial English is mingled with his native brogue, and further embellished with not a few words of extremely eccentric French, which, however, he is careful to translate as he goes on. One anecdote in particular he translates with much gusto, descriptive of his arrest once by a gendarme who took him for a spy.

"He got a houl't o' me, an' he stripped me—savin' yer presence—an' sarched me everyway. An' all at wast he comes upon one little medal hangin' round my neck. 'Commong!' he says, 'vous Hang-leterre, Catholique!' (meanin' 'are you an Englishman an' a Catholic?') 'Nong,' says I, 'Hirelandy,' says I—telling him I was an Irishman, ye know. 'O Hirelandy!' he says, an' he claps me on the back, 'Hirelandy, bong Christien, bong Catholique—Angleterre me-ne Christien que cheval!'"

The ideas of many of the country people hereabouts with regard to England are to the full as uncomplimentary as is this surprising statement.

"England's a terrible bad place!" remarked one old woman of my acquaintance. "The wickedness over there is awful. Them White-church murthers, now—"

"White-chapel you mean."

"Lord save us, ma'am!"—in deeply scandalized tones—"sure there isn't er chapel there at all! Chapel being the term generally employed to designate the Catholic place of worship, and the good old lady being convinced there could be none such in so unhalloved a spot.

The peasantry here is by no means entirely Catholic, however, unlike that of other counties, where a member of another persuasion is so great a rarity as to be considered a disgrace among the English aristocracy to work. A glance at the list of the nobility shows that some of them are not above making the convenient dollar. Lord Chylesmore derives the greater portion of his income from his ribbon manufactories in and around Coventry. Lord Masham is a wool-spinner, while Lord Armstrong may be described

bassador, nayther priest or minister," between her "an' the Lord." "I know I'm in the right road!" she added defiantly.

"Oh, that indeed, ma'am, maybe so, ma'am," responded a sarcastic Catholic neighbor. "Wait till you come to the cross roads, ma'am—I'm afear'd ye'll take a wrong turn thin."

It was the latter sturdy matron who, on being recommended to pray for the conversion of those with whom she differed instead of quarrelling with them, returned indignantly that there were some in the neighborhood that "all the devils in hell would be hard set to convert!"

But while I am gossiping here so idly on the top of Kindlestown hill, the sun has dropped behind the mountains opposite, and the bank of clouds which has been slowly gathering, turns of a sudden fiery red. We must hasten homewards, for it is late, and we have some way to go.

Through the shadowy wood again, our passage hailed by many shrieks and twitters of bird-voices, many whirrings and flutterings of startled wings—and out once more on the high road: Half an hour's brisk walking, and we were at our own gates.

Our big black bill stands out against the background of lambent yellowish green, and, though the glowing crimson to the left has somewhat faded, the sky is still smeared and splashed in places, as though carelessly daubed over with a fiery brush. The last of the beggars has departed, the policeman's crying baby is asleep, a solitary rook sails homeward just above us, slumberous shades rest upon the hill-sides, peace has descended on the valley, and the solemn Golden Spears, released from the necessity of guardianship, lean against the darkening heavens, and commune at ease with kindred piles of clouds.

[THE END.]

## A Morning Plait.

"I never have any appetite in the morning," said Bobkins.

"Breakfast is my heartiest meal," said Dodkins.

"Well, sir, I get up in the morning feeling as though I could never eat again," said Bobkins. "I am as hungry as a horse for dinner, peckish as you like for tea, go to bed feeling as if I could enjoy a lunch if it were not against my principles to have it, and yet in the morning I have a positive distaste for food. I lose my appetite in the night somewhere."

"That's bad," said Dodkins, commiseratingly.

"It's about as bad as they make it," said Bobkins.

"No relish for one of the most important meals of the day! I should think so," said Dodkins.

"What do you suppose is the cause of it?" asked Bobkins.

"Why, Dyspepsia," said Dodkins.

"I don't notice it, though, except in the morning," said Bobkins.

"Dyspepsia is always worse in the mornings," said Dodkins.

"Is that so?"

"Sure," said Dodkins. "Just you notice for yourself, and you'll find what I say is right."

"What's good for Dyspepsia?" asked Bobkins.

"Why, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," said Dodkins.

"How do you take them?" asked Bobkins.

"One or two after each meal," replied Dodkins.

"How much are they?" enquired Bobkins.

"Half a dollar a box, at all drug stores," answered Dodkins.

## Women's Rights.

TALK about equality of the sexes! Every man has his day; but, thanks to his gallantry, woman has every day. If reasonably indulgent, she is mistress of her destiny. She has her finger in all sorts of pies. Her sins are forgiven her. If she murders a man who has failed to treat her like the perfect lady she was not, the jury is pretty apt to acquit her, taking into consideration the naughtiness of the man. On the other hand, if she treats a man nastily, and he does her quietus make with a large bodkin, twelve good men and true disbelieve his story and order him to the scaffold. If she uses her lover for breach of promise, she gets at least a part of what she sues for. If he sues her he gets chivied by all the newspapers.

In case of a quarrel in which she is to blame, she has a court of last resort which is closed to mankind—she can always shed tears when she finds things are not going her way. If she loses a part of woman's glory—her golden locks—she may piece out the remainder with some adroitly commingled curls, to the eternal deception of the public, and so never hear the remarks of derision turned toward her bald-headed husband.

If she's an actress she can play Juliet and Hamlet both, while the male Thespian, though he may make a better Hamlet, is precluded by public prejudice and an incipient black beard from ever looking at the moonlight and asking Romeo wherefore he is Romeo. And still she asks for her "rights" and seeks for "power." The first person who asked for the earth, and then scolded because it was not fried on both sides and turned over, must have been of the sex that brought Adam to grief with an apple.

## British Peers at Work.

ACCORDING to a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald it is no longer considered a disgrace among the English aristocracy to work. A glance at the list of the nobility shows that some of them are not above making the convenient dollar. Lord Chylesmore derives the greater portion of his income from his ribbon manufactories in and around Coventry. Lord Masham is a wool-spinner, while Lord Armstrong may be described

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CEYLON TEA

Rich brown liquor. Flavor delicious.

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as the British Krupp. The Earl of Dysart formerly edited *Vanity Fair*, and is now one of that publication's regular contributors, while Lord Mountmorres is editor of Lady Collin Campbell's weekly paper, the *Realm*. Another journalist is Lady Greville, wife of Lord Greville, who sends weekly articles to the *London Graphic*. The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, adds to his income by his work as a designer and partner in a firm of house-decorators. Lord Londonderry and Lord Dudley, besides many other peers, not only mine coal, but retail it, having it peddled in the streets of London in carts bearing their names and crests. It is in vehicles similarly adorned that Lord Rosebery, Lord Rayleigh and the Marquis of Abergavenny retail milk to metropolitan customers. On several occasions have these noble lords been found suing petty dealers in the London courts for having encroached upon their milk routes. Lord Portsmouth does not seem to gain additional income as a greengrocer, and carts bearing his name and title may be met selling vegetables from house to house in the neighborhood of his beautiful place in Hampshire. The number of peers who are interested in the beer, ale and liquor trade is legion, some of them even owning the public-houses, or saloons, in which the liquors are retailed.

"Why are you making that child cry?" "Cause dad'll gimme a cent to make him stop,"—*Harper's Bazar*.

"My daughter's music," sighed the mother, "has been a great expense."

"Indeed!" returned the guest. "Some neighbor sued you, I suppose?"—*Boston Traveller*.

Mrs. Chat (nudging Mr. Chat, who snores with his mouth open)—William, you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut! Mr. Chat (only half-awake)—So'd you.—*Tit-Bits*.

"There is one thing, at least, that the trusts have cheapened," said the man with the weary air. "What is it?" roared the man with the tangled hair. "Talk!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Now, Sammy," began the teacher, "I want you to tell me in which battle Lord Nelson was killed." Sammy was in despair, but he must prove himself equal to the emergency. "Did you say Lord Nelson?" he asked, cautiously. "Yes," "Which battle?" "Yes; in which battle was he killed?" "Wal," said Sammy, with apparent surprise at such an easy question, "I specs it must er been his last."—*London Spare Moments*.

Gattin or Frau.

Mrs. Chat (controversy has arisen with regard to the style which should be adopted in addressing married ladies. There are four names by which a man's better half may be described in the language of the day:—

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guage of the Vaterland, viz.: Gemablin (consort), gattin (spouse), frau (lady), and weib (wife). To save the frequent disputes and heartburnings arising from ignorance or impertinence in the use of any one of these forms, it is proposed that these shall be officially attached to the recognized graduations of the social scale. Thus, a general's wife should be addressed as "his consort," the partner of an official of a certain rank as "his spouse," the middle-class wife would be addressed as her husband's "lady," and the workman's helpmate would be simply his "wife."

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## Sleepwell Mattress That's an Ostermoor

This mattress is a sure sleep inducer—purer, sweeter and cleaner than any other known mattress the whole world over—far exceeding the best hair mattress.

—There is nothing extravagant in this claim—experience has borne it out. Prices range from \$10 to \$15.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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### The Drama.

MUCH interest was taken in the curtain-raiser at the Princess Theater this week because it was advertised as the production of Mr. Ralph Cummings. It was not known that he aspired to be a maker of plays. As some of the papers truly observed, he was not suspected of gifts in that direction. At the theater itself it was found that the claim was somewhat modified. The play bills stated that the little piece, *An Exchange of Courtesies*, was the joint work of Mr. Edmund Day of Detroit and Mr. Ralph Cummings. Encouraged, however, by the knowledge that Mr. Cummings wrote half a play, or part of a play, why should we not now expect him, after a brief rest, to write one all by himself? He has made a start, has tasted the distinc-



Mr. Cummings as Capt. Densmore.

tion that authorship gives, and should press onward. Why keep up this partnership with Mr. Day? If a man can write half a play he can write a whole one in double the time, and there is no hurry, for what difference does a Day or two make. It has often excited my wonder that actors who know all the little details of the stage do not write curtain-raisers and plays. Other people fail for lack of technical knowledge. An *Exchange of Courtesies* has a simple little story, about as follows: The family of Major Warner, a Federal officer, had in circumstances of great extremity sheltered and nursed Captain Fairfax, a wounded Confederate officer, and had assisted him to escape from the Federal soldiers who were searching for him. The fortune of war changed for a time, and when the



The Kangaroo Girl in "Dr. Bill."

play opens the Confederates have possession of the district in which the home of the Warners is situated. Major Warner, pursued as a spy, wounded and exhausted, seeks a refuge in his own house. Captain Densmore, who is in charge of the pursuing party, learns by accident of the generosity of the Warners towards Captain Fairfax, who happened to be his best friend, and in turn connives at the escape of Major Warner. There is not much in it, but it is simply told and proves rather effective. The author plays the role of Captain Densmore and Mr. Frazier appears as Major Warner. The patrons of the Princess always enjoy the brisk fun of Dr. Bill, which is the chief production of the week. It has been played in previous seasons, and although a bit naughty in some of its situations is popular with Princess audiences, who pardon its atmosphere because of its mirth-provoking qualities.

Manager Small of the Toronto Opera

House has a number of fine attractions booked for the season. Following the good ones already played may be mentioned: William H. West's Minstrels, The Devil's Auction, Fanny Rice, Rose Coghlan, Robert Mantell, Hanlon's Superbs, Byrne Brothers' Eight Bells, Johnstone Bennett, Andrew Mack, Matthews and Bulger, Herrmann the Great, Al G. Field's Minstrels, Joseph Murphy, Ward & Vokes in *The Floor-walkers*, John & Emma Ray (*The Rays*) in *A Hot Old Time*, Clifford and Huth in *May Irwin's Courtied Into Court*, William Barry in *The Rising Generation*, George Thatcher's Minstrels, William A. Brady's Broadway Theater production of Marie Corelli's *The Sorrows of Satan* (cast headed by Isabelle Evesson and Charles Kent), *The Original Kelly* (James T.) and Mason (Charles A.) in *H. M. Du Souchet's An Easy Mark*, and George W. Monroe in a new play. Mrs. Fiske will present her latest and greatest success, *Becky Sharp*.

The way the Toronto Opera House is coming to the front without advancing its rates of admission is the most interesting development in the local theatrical business. In another paragraph I mention about a score of the leading attractions booked by Manager Small for the present season, and the reader will be surprised to find in the list many companies that play in dollar houses in other cities. It has been quite common for theater-goers in Toronto to pay one dollar or more to see shows that played only in popular-price houses in the United States, but Manager Small is reversing this. Local theater-goers are going to pick up some bargains, and it will be found that they will not object in the least. A few of the best seats in the house are being reserved at an advanced price for those people who want the best and are willing to pay for it, but generally speaking prices remain as in past seasons, unless when Mrs. Fiske or some such star appears.

This town has not, at any price, seen anything better of its class than the show at Manager Small's theater this week, the *Triple Alliance*, Prof. Servais Le Roy, Prof. Imro Fox and Prof. Frederick Eugene Powell. These three wonder-workers do many surprising things. They astonish even old hands, playing not only the stock tricks that have often puzzled you, but many quite new and still more perplexing. That there are three of them adds greatly to the effect produced. These three could put up a great show without other aid, but they do not attempt it. They appear in the first and third parts of the programme, leaving the second to others, who are also clever enough to give a whole show. Of these the Japs, the Seven Akimotos, take first place, doing some remarkable feats in jugglery and contortion. They are not the ordinary Japs to whom we have grown somewhat accustomed; they are exceptional in their line. Lelliott, Bosch and Lelliott are three musical artists who are also unusually clever—their turn alone is worth going to see. As a rule the old-timer shivers when he sees the table set for a bell-ringing performance, but these men do it so well, they make so much fun and melody, that it is a treat to hear them. Clara Wagner and Bruno Armin appear in a little comedy operetta, and Maud Beal Price in mimicry. In the third part the Big Three reappear, and bring a first class entertainment to an effective termination. Mr. Al McLean, formerly of Toronto, is manager of the company, and is being heartily congratulated upon *The Triple Alliance*.

Willie Collier, in his new comedy, *Mr. Smooth*, made a very good impression at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. The piece is very light comedy, and might be called farce-comedy if an actor of coarser grain than Mr. Collier played his role. But he is a comedian and has a gentle touch. Each act ends in broad farce, and it would be farce-comedy throughout but that Mr. Collier will not have it so. His *Smooth* is very smooth indeed. He is a young fellow who personates a Mr. Cornelius Smooth, who is supposed to have sailed for England. He does this for a lark. But Cornelius did not go and appears on the scene, only to be bounced right off again very quickly. The impostor has fallen in love with the daughter of the man into whose house he has foisted himself, and the situation is as serious as anything could be to so nervy a young man. But he is a born confidence man and wins out. John F. Ward, a comedian who has won good opinions here before, capably plays the part of the banker, Arthur Chilleigh, while Thomas Evans, as a bookmaker, swells around and talks slang, creating an effect that is very funny. Louise Allen-Collier, as Vera Vane, a Chicago girl, wins approval for the prettiness of her face and her gowns and for her good acting. Altogether, while the piece is undeniably amusing, I think Mr. Collier could do justice to a comedy possessing considerably more body.

That class of entertainment known to theater-goers as the spectacle has always been popular in Toronto, but local patrons of the play-houses have always stipulated that the spectacle should be of the best class. Mr. Charles H. Yale, the man who has done, perhaps, more than any other to make the spectacle popular with the people of this continent, has produced *The Devil's Auction* regularly each season for some seventeen years, and has been successful with it because he has steadily maintained it as an attraction for the better class of theater-goers. He has had it renewed each year. Mr. Small of the Toronto Opera House has made another coup and has secured it for his theater. The Toronto engagement will mark the first production of this attraction, as is also the case of several others booked for the Toronto this season, at least than top-notch figures. Interpolated specialties are always a great feature of *The Devil's Auction*, and particular attention is said to have been paid to that feature this season by Manager Yale. The most important engagement in that line is that

of the famous Brothers Deltorelli, the European musical grotesques who have recently come to America. Other strong specialties will be offered by James A. Kiernan, who made such a favorable impression in *Koster & Bial's Gayest Manhattan*; Les Freres Lorella and their *magique fantastique*; Victoria Walters, comedienne; Signorine Amalia Maver-offer and Giselda Basseggio, two remarkably handsome premieres, and others. Mr. Yale states that scenic artists were engaged all summer in making new scenery for *The Devil's Auction*, and nothing that has ever been seen before will be used this year.

There are some clever vaudeville artists at Shea's this week and the numbers of fashionable people who attend the new theater are largely on the increase. The rapidity with which one feature is succeeded by the next is highly gratifying. Next week Marshall P. Wilder, who was once a star attraction at the Pavilion when a great audience gathered to hear him, will entertain with song and story at Shea's. He will appear daily afternoon and evening, and Toronto's best people will certainly be glad to see him. His position in his profession is a very high one.

Sol. Smith Russell, always popular in Toronto, will appear at the Grand Opera House for the first three nights of next week, and *The Runaway Girl* will follow him for the balance of the week.

You never can tell what may happen when the wheel turns. Last season it was understood that Julia Arthur would this year travel as an independent star and fight the Trust. This is now denied. Miss Arthur has booked with the Trust to play *Emile Bergeret's drama, More Than Queen*, in all the leading cities. Not only so, but Mr. W. J. Thorold, formerly of Toronto, and now Miss Arthur's resident New York press agent, writes admiringly of the *Theatrical Syndicate*. He points out in the *Dramatic News* that nearly all clever stage people are now engaged and paid by the year, instead of by the week, and are thus relieved of those anxieties that have been the curse of the profession. He says that there was marvelous prosperity in the theatrical business last year, and attributes it to the fact that the Trust introduced well-ordered business methods. This is all very well for those who live in the smile of the Trust!

The Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution has reopened. It is the aim of the principal and her able assistants to offer a course of study which will meet the needs of all who wish a broad and general literary culture. There will be offered, therefore, special courses in literature and rhetoric, with the aim to derive the essential as well as the technical character of both. Vocal expression, under its several heads, reading, recitation, oratory and voice culture will be taught according to the truest principles of education, as they are to-day understood. Mrs. Inez Nicholson Catter, who has assumed charge of the physical culture department at the Conservatory School of Elocution, will be at the Conservatory on and after Friday, September 22.

Mr. H. N. Shaw has charge of the production of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* to be given by the University students on Halloween. In addition to this there is a rumor of a possible production of *Antigone* in English, under the direction of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Torrington, by the pupils of the College of Music and the School of Elocution.

A London cablegram states that Robert Barr has become playwright: "The Hill-top population of Woldingham yesterday produced *Al Fresco*, a play relating to the district, based on a Woldingham woman's refusing to allow King James to enter her doors for refreshments because he was a Papist. The play is by Robert Barr, who resides on the estate where the incident happened. His *Tekla* is also being dramatized."

William H. Crane, with a large company, will spend about three months of the season in New York, playing *Peter Stuyvesant*, Governor of New Amsterdam, the new play by Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews.

Herbert Kelcey and Ellie Shannon are again playing *The Moth and The Flame* this season.



The Lion—I am really at a loss how to address him.—Life.

### On the Links.

THE match between the ladies of the Rosedale and Fernhill Clubs came off as arranged last Thursday afternoon on the links of the Toronto club. The Fernhills won.

So much everyone knows, but not even the bitterest enemy of the defeated club would be unkind enough to tell the world how many holes down the Rosedale ladies were! Just how the match happened to end as it did nobody can account for, and the victorious fifteen magnanimously decline to go into details. They generously put it that they "won handsomely," but as a matter of fact the Rosedale were nearly all "down," some by eight or ten, with an eleven and a fifteen scattered in, and the more lucky ones by only four or five. Of the fifteen on the defeated team only four were up—Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Vere Brown, Mrs. Jackson and Miss Lucy Howard. The Fernhill ladies were certainly in far better playing form than their visitors, and the only defence the latter had for their defeat was that four of their good players were still away on their summer outing—Miss Ethel Butler, Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, (who belongs to both clubs, but plays for Rosedale), and Miss Shanklin. This, of course, weakened their playing strength tremendously, but hardly accounted for anything as woeful as the result of the match. The Fernhills, too, had only the day before lost their tower of strength, Miss White, which to some extent evened things up, and gave both sides a feeling of being handicapped. Of the Fernhills Miss Crombie played a good game, also Miss Vera Bethune, who is playing well enough to justify the remark that before long she would be up to the standard reached by Miss White. Miss Ella Scott of the Rosedale made a good score for her first round, but Mrs. Warren, her opponent, made a better. Colonel Sweny started the players off, and stood with the flag at the home hole, taking down the results as each couple came in. After the match both teams were entertained at five o'clock tea by the President of the Fernhills, Mrs. Sweny, who, as usual, was an ideal hostess. The Fernhill team was composed of Miss Vera Bethune, Miss E. Bethune, Miss G. Crombie, Miss F. Crombie, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Masten, Mrs. W. Nesbitt, Miss M. Bethune, Miss M. Yarker, Miss A. Dawson, Miss M. Campbell, Miss F. Small, Miss M. Wilkie. The Rosedale ladies were: Mrs. V. Brown, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Crease, Miss R. Davidson, Miss H. Scott, Miss E. Scott, Miss L. Howard, Miss E. Crease, Miss Holmsted, Miss Fuller, Miss Walker, Miss Ellis. Some of those who watched the match and enjoyed the cosy tea afterwards were: Capt. and Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Mcss, Mrs. Wallace Jones, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Mrs. Jas. Scott. Not long ago Fashion said that the pretty scarlet coats, so much worn by golfers, were going out. For once Fashion was wrong. They are still worn everywhere, and at the Rosedale Fernhill match nearly every one of the thirty players had one on. The course, in consequence, looked exceedingly gay and pretty, and gave a little touch of brightness to the autumn surroundings.

A golfer was remarking the other day on the strange names applied to golf clubs, but could the names applied to the different parts be more incongruous? The head is the lowest extremity, and possesses a sole, a toe and a heel, as well as a neck, a nose, and a face.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, when bunkered at golf, they say, never says anything stronger than "Oh!"—but his restraint is preternatural.

Great things have been going on at the Ottawa links in the past three days, details of which are too late for to-day's issue. The Canadian championship will be decided to-day, also the result of the inter-provincial match, Ontario vs. Quebec. A handicap competition was arranged for this morning for a prize offered by the Ottawa Golf Club, and after the tournament is over the Canadian team will be selected for the international match, Canada vs. United States, which will come off on the Morris county links on October 7.

Miss Sparks of Philadelphia, who has been spending the summer at Cobourg, is visiting in Toronto.

There is to be a ladies' handicap match at the Country and Hunt Club.

HAZARD.

"That's the best I can do for you," said the theatrical manager. "You've been idle all season, so far; now, will you stay idle the rest of the season, or take this small part?" "I'll take it," said Lowe Comedry; "in this case a small role is better than a whole loaf."—*Catholic Standard Times*.

"Fast color?" she asked. "No," was the reply, "also ran."

### In Dorsetshire.



Fair Cyclist—Is this the way to Wareham, please? Native—Yes, Miss, yew seem to me to ha' got 'em on all right!—Punch.

### The Coming of Prince Ranjitsinhji.

MAINLY through the efforts of Mr. T. C. Patteson and the Toronto Lacrosse and Athletic Association, arrangements are being made to bring the Ranjitsinhji cricket team to Toronto, October 10 and 11. The team is one of the best which has ever left England, and Ranjitsinhji is beyond all doubt the finest cricketer Britain has ever produced, the great W. G. Grace not excepted. It is to be hoped the weather will be more favorable on October 10 and 11 than when Lord Hawke last brought his team to Toronto. That event also came off in October, when it was cold and unfavorable for cricket, yet there was a large turn-out of spectators. As the amount required to bring the team from Philadelphia (where they will then be playing) is little over five hundred dollars, there should be no difficulty in raising this sum. Society dearly loves a "notable," and in Prince Ranjitsinhji they will have one of the lionized young men of England. Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji was born at Saradar in the Province of Kathiawar, India, on September 10, 1872. His early education was received at Rajkumar College, Raj Kote, and later at Trinity College, Cambridge. Ranjit was adopted by the late Jam of Ravanagar, but at the birth of a son to the latter he discarded Ranjit, who does not now stand much chance of the jampship. What is India's loss is England's gain; at least, in so far as cricket goes. Sussex is the county of his adoption, and it was there in 1895 that he first made his appearance in cricket, and was head of the Sussex averages the same year. His record for one year's score is better by 41 runs than that of Grace, Ranjit making 2,780 runs in 1896. Up to September 2 of this year he has 3,030 runs to his credit, a truly wonderful score. His style is peculiar, and has been greatly commented upon. He seems able to play any ball, no matter where or how it comes, and is said to be a regular Indian juggler with the bat. In Canada, however, where the wicket is not so certain as in England, he may not do so well. Besides being a crack cricketer, Ranjit is an all-round good fellow, and immensely popular, and when on the Australian tour with Stoddard's team, the Antipodians went wild over him, and "Ranjitsinhji" hats, "Ranjitsinhji" collars, and "Ranjitsinhji" boots were all the rage. Toronto's reception of him will certainly be cordial, for apart from the cricket enthusiasts who will certainly flock to see him, a real live Indian Prince will undoubtedly attract Toronto society. He is a fellow of average height, and has a round, jolly-looking face of decidedly Eastern cast.

### Some Marriage Customs.

IN Siberia a bride, on entering her husband's house, must be prepared to show her skill in cooking. She is expected to give a dinner prepared with her own hands, as a test of the education she has received. If she pleases her guests it is taken not only as a proof that she is well qualified for her new position, but that her family is a worthy one, since her parents have trained their daughter so successfully.

There is another land where thrift is expected of the young folks. In Holland, says Rev. E. G. Hardy in the *Quiver*, a girl is bound to ask her future husband if he can afford to pay the wedding fees.

In Norway, however, things are not quite so promising. The Norwegians are always trying to put the best foot foremost, and they do it in reference to marriage as well as in reference to other matters.

It is said that a young man once went out to seek a wife, and came to a farmhouse where there was more wit than money. The only thing of which the farmer could boast was one new sleeve to his coat. This must be made the most of. "Pray take a seat," he said, hospitably. "But this room is shockingly dusty," and so saying, he went about wiping tables and benches with his new sleeve, while he carefully kept the old one behind him.

His wife possessed one new shoe, and one only, but she made the most of it by pushing the furniture in place with it and keeping the other hidden beneath her skirts. "It is very untidy here," she said. "Everything is out of place."

Then they called to the daughter to come and put things to rights. But the only new thing she possessed was a cap. So she kept putting her head in at the door, and nodding and nodding.

"For my part," she said, "I can't be everywhere at once."

Thus they all tried to make the young man believe that the household was well-to-do.

One cannot but think that the methods of Siberia and Holland are most likely to lead to happiness in the end.

### His Reward.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as "Sam" Houston, is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him, and said, gravely: "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years?"

"I have," was the reply. "And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way, to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising. "Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out!"



"Dawson," said the professor to the young graduate, "can you name the greatest composer of our time?" "Chloëform is about as good as any," was the reply.



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On September 28 and 29 the West Shore  
Railroad will sell tickets to New York and  
return, on account of the Dewey Celebration  
at \$10.70 for the round trip. Tickets  
good to return until October 1 inclusive.  
The West Shore is conceded to be the  
"Favorite Route," and it is expected large  
numbers will take in the trip and the  
pleasures of a ride along the famous  
Hudson River. Apply early for tickets  
and information to agents, or H. Parry,  
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On September 28, 29 and 30, ticket  
agents in Chicago will sell round trip  
tickets to Chicago and other Western  
points at the lowest rates ever made to  
the West. Tickets good to return until  
October 10. All tickets should read via  
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## Anecdotal.

The virtues of a keen business man are  
often negative rather than positive. It is  
said that a great broker once told his son  
that only two things were necessary to  
make a great financier. "And what are  
those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty  
and sagacity." "But what do you consider  
the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to  
keep your word." "And the mark of  
sagacity?" "Never to give your word!"

A certain amateur has a happy appreciation  
of his own musical capabilities, as all  
his friends know. So highly does he estimate  
his compositions that some of his  
friends were not much startled the other  
day when he said gravely: "Did you ever  
notice that the names of all the great  
composers begin with 'M'?" "M?"  
ejaculated his astonished audience. "Yes,  
M," said the composer. "Mozart, Mendel-  
sohn, Meyerbeer, Mascagni—and Me!"

Old General Abercrombie, "who never  
tasted water," was once asked why it was  
that he had such a natural dislike for  
water. "I'll tell you of an incident that'll  
help to explain it," was the frank old  
soldier's reply: "A good many years ago I  
was crossing the great continental divide.  
It was colder than Greenland. In one of  
my saddle-pockets I had a jug of whisky,  
and in the other a jug of water. Well, it  
was so cold that the jug of water froze up  
and busted. Supposing it had been inside  
of me!"

The German Emperor likes nothing  
better than to occasionally fraternize with  
his soldiers. His experiences are some-  
times rather amusing. At a recent in-  
spection of recruits, His Majesty asked  
one of them his name, and was told  
"Andree." On His Majesty asking him if  
he was aware that he had a famous namesake,  
the soldier answered in the affirmative.  
"Who told you that?" asked the  
Emperor. "My captain, your Majesty."  
"And what did your captain tell you about  
Andree?" "Your Majesty, the captain

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said that he only wished Andree had  
taken me with him!"

A pompous Irish member of Parliament  
attended an agricultural show in Dublin.  
He arrived late, and found himself on the  
outskirts of a huge crowd. Being anxious  
to obtain a good view for himself and a  
lady friend who accompanied him, and  
presuming that he was well known to the  
spectators, he tapped a burly coal-porter  
on the shoulder and peremptorily de-  
manded, "Make way there." "Garn,  
who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected  
response. "Do you know who I am, sir?"  
cried the indignant M.P. "I am a repre-  
sentative of the people." "Yah," growled  
the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but  
we're the bloomin' people themselves."

An English traveler once met a com-  
panion, sitting in a state of the most wo-  
ful despair, and apparently near the last  
agonies, by the side of one of the moun-  
tain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired  
the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said  
the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty,  
and took a large draught of the clear water  
of the lake, and then sat down on this  
stone to consult my guide-book. To my  
astonishment, I found that the water of  
this lake is very poisonous! Oh! I am a  
gone man—I feel it running all over me.  
I have only a few minutes to live! Re-  
member me to—" "Let me see the  
guide book," said his friend. Turning to  
the passage, he found, "*L'eau du lac est  
bien poisseuse*."—"Is that the meaning  
of it?" "Certainly." The dying man  
looked up with a radiant countenance.  
"What would have become of you," said  
his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I  
should have died of imperfect knowledge  
of the French language."

Two New Yorkers on a fishing trip down  
the St. Lawrence rested between acts at a  
small country tavern where the landlord  
also served as clerk, bartender and stable-  
boy. It was not unlike many another  
Ontario tavern. Feeling the effects of  
their fishing trip in the region of their  
thirst they asked the landlord what he  
had to drink. He replied that he could  
give them anything. They asked for three  
John Collinses. "John Collins," said the  
landlord, "what's that?" "I'll show you  
how to make it," said one of the fisher-  
men; "give me some lemons." The  
landlord went out to a grocery store and  
brought the lemons, the juice of which  
was soon squeezed into glasses. "Now  
some sugar," it was supplied. "Gin."  
There was no Long Tom, so square-face  
had to answer. "Now, then, give us the  
ice and there you are." "The ice!" ex-  
claimed the landlord incredulously. "Yes,  
three chunks of ice." The landlord's face  
showed that he thought they were trying  
to hoax him. "Ice! Where the—  
would you expect a man to get ice in the  
middle of summer?"

## Books and Shop Talk.

**BOOK OF VIEWS OF WESTERN  
CANADA** is the title of a hand-  
somer illustrated pamphlet just  
published by authority of Hon.  
Clifford Sifton, Minister of the  
Interior, for the benefit of the Department  
of Immigration. It not only contains a  
lot of information about the West, but it  
is enclosed in a pretty cover and contains  
some exceptionally well made pictures  
representative of the scenery, homes and  
industries of New Canada. The rich  
prairies, the wild mining regions, the  
majestic mountains and rivers are all  
shown to advantage. It is not only a  
pretty thing and a useful one to send  
abroad, but it is worth having by anyone  
here in the East.

The enterprise of the New Yorker is  
almost proverbial, and the International  
Navigation Company of that city probably  
thought it queer thing if it could not make  
some use of such a thing as the late war  
with Spain. So it got up a book, *In War,  
In Peace* is the title of it, and it is a beau-  
tiful example of what can be done in the  
way of printing—with half-tone plates.  
The first half of the book deals with the  
four big ships that were taken from the  
paths of peace and used by the United  
States in the war. These ships are  
described, what they are like, and records  
are given of what they did in the war.  
The art work of the volume is done by H.  
Reuter, F. Cresson-Schell, G. A.  
Traver, F. W. Jopling (a Canadian), George  
A. Coffin, Howard F. Sprague and Alfred  
Lenz. The second half of the book is  
where the International Navigation Com-  
pany gets in its work, for here is described  
the restoration of the four big liners, St.  
Louis, St. Paul, New York and Paris, from  
cruisers to merchant steamers again after  
having served in the war. In fact, the  
whole book is about these vessels in war  
and in peace, and the story is made inter-  
esting. But I mention the book particu-  
larly for the rare excellence of its work-  
manship.

It has been said that a man is a public  
benefactor who makes two blades of grass  
grow where there was only one before,  
and it is no less certain that the man who  
invents a telegraphic code by which one  
word will represent, on an average, five,  
is a benefactor to the commercial world.  
The Western Union Telegraph Code, pub-  
lished by the International Cable Directory  
Company of New York, is a marvel of  
ingenuity. It is so simple that a child  
could use it, and a mistake is practically  
impossible. The volume of about 700  
pages contains nearly 150,000 words, which  
are so classified and indexed that busi-  
nesses of all kinds can be carried on with  
facility. To lawyers, merchants, bankers,  
stockbrokers, insurance companies and  
real estate agents the Code will prove  
invaluable as a quick and cheap means of  
communication. The G. M. Rose & Son-  
Company, Limited, has acquired the right  
to publish the Canadian edition, which  
will be called Canadian Business Men's  
Telegraphic Code. By November 1, when  
the first edition will be published, every  
Canadian town and city will have been



Parent (left in charge)—No, you cannot have any more cake. (Very  
seriously.) Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that  
little girl sobbing?—Yes.  
Parent—Well, what is that?  
Little Girl—Give me some more cake. (And she was quite right).—Punch.

canvassed. The Code has been adopted  
by the Dominion Government for use in  
the departments and for the use of the  
Paris Commissioners. The Code will be  
found on file in every city and town of  
2,000, or over, in the United States and  
Canada. All over the world it will be  
found in large business centers, hotels,  
clubs and ocean steamships, so that a  
subscriber can reach any point, no matter  
whether his correspondent is a subscriber  
or not.

## Her Majesty and Lord Aberdeen.

**QUEEN VICTORIA**, in recently visit-  
ing Scotland, was accompanied by  
Princess Henry of Battenberg and  
her two children. When the train  
arrived at Ferryhill Junction there was  
quite a crowd present, according to the  
English papers. There was no cheering,  
only a respectful hat-lifting, for Her Ma-  
jesty was not to be seen. But the familiar  
form of Princess Henry was observed at  
the carriage window, and she filled it well,  
for Her Royal Highness has a noble figure  
and a good face. Princess Henry likes the  
Aberdeen people, and surveyed the row of  
worthy bairns, with the dignified Lord  
Provost at their head, with keen interest.  
She saw, too, Prof. Ogston, Her Majesty's  
Physician-in-Ordinary in Scotland, and  
Sir William Geddes, Principal of the Uni-  
versity.

Then out from the crowd stepped Lord  
Aberdeen, who was present with his two  
sons, Lord Haddo and the Hon. Archie.  
The strangers asked what little dark-  
haired man it was who had the audacity  
to speak to Royalty. Lord Aberdeen had  
a message to convey. He had, he said,  
taken the liberty of presenting, for Her  
Majesty's acceptance, a parcel of game-  
partridges—which had been shot that day,  
the opening day of the partridge shooting  
season.

Princess Henry smilingly said, "Oh,  
thank you, very much, Lord Aberdeen; I  
am sure the Queen will appreciate your  
thoughtfulness." Then, stepping to the  
Sovereign lady, half buried in a couch on  
the farther side of the carriage, she com-  
municated the intelligence, and then an-  
nounced to her lordship that "Her Majesty  
thanks you very much, Lord Aberdeen."  
The Princess and the Earl then engaged  
in an animated conversation, which was  
in a way interrupted by a sturdy game-  
keeper from Haddo House appearing with  
half a dozen brace of partridges.

## Marriage in Japan.

**A JAPANESE** courtship and wedding  
are both very curious ceremonies,  
and still somewhat rarer of bar-  
barism. When a young man has fixed his  
affections upon a maiden of suitable stand-  
ing he declares his love by fastening a  
branch of a certain shrub to the house of  
the damsel's parents. If the branch be  
neglected the suit is rejected; if it be

accepted, so is the suitor. At the time of  
the marriage the bridegroom sends pre-  
sents to his bride as costly as his means  
will allow, which she immediately offers  
to her parents in acknowledgment of their  
kindness in infancy and of the pains be-  
stowed upon her education.

The wedding takes place in the evening.  
The bride is dressed in a long white silk  
"kimono" and white veil, and she and  
her future husband sit facing each other  
on the floor. Two tables are placed close  
by, on the one is a kettle with two spouts,  
a bottle of sake and cups; on the other, a  
miniature fir tree—signifying the strength  
of the bridegroom; a plum tree—signify-  
ing the beauty of the bride; and, lastly, a  
stork standing on a tortoise—representing  
long life and happiness, desired by both of  
them.

At the marriage feast each guest in turn  
drinks three cups of the sake, and the  
two-spouted kettle, also containing sake,  
is put to the mouths of the bride and  
bridegroom alternately by two attendants,  
signifying that they are to share together  
joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her  
veil all her life, and at her death it is  
buried with her as her shroud. The chief  
duty of a Japanese woman all her life is  
obedience—while unmarried, to her  
parents; when married, to her husband  
and his parents; when widowed, to her  
son.

Tommy—Pop, the rain falls alike upon  
the just and the unjust, doesn't it?  
Tommy's Pop—Yes, yes. Don't ask silly  
questions. Tommy—And it isn't just to  
steal another man's umbrella, is it?  
Tommy's Pop—Certainly not. If you ask  
any more—Tommy—But, Pop, the  
rain doesn't fall upon the man that steals  
the umbrella, and it does on the man that  
had his stolen. Funny, ain't it, Pop?  
Philadelphia Record.

## Distressing.

**A N** anxious looking young man had  
been standing beside a street mail-  
box for nearly two hours waiting  
for the carrier to come and take the  
mail out of the box, says *Youth's Com-  
panion*. When the carrier finally ap-  
peared, the young man said:

"See here, I dropped a letter into that  
box that I've got to have back again."

"Can't have it," replied the postman, as  
he unlocked the box.

"I can't have it! Why, man, I've got  
to have it! I wouldn't have that letter  
go to the person it's addressed to for a  
million dollars!"

"Can't help that, mister. It's against  
the law to return a letter after it has been  
dropped into a mail-box. It's government  
property then until it's given over to the  
person it is addressed to."

The look of distress on the young man's  
face deepened as he said cajolingly:

"Oh, come now, that's all nonsense in a  
case like this. I wrote that letter. I can  
tell you to whom it is addressed, and you  
can compare the handwriting with mine  
if you want to. Hand me back that letter  
and you may select a dozen of the best  
cigars in the cigar store across the street."

"Do you know that you are trying to  
bribe a government official? I wouldn't  
give you the letter for a whole cigar store."

"But, my good fellow, I've got to have  
that letter. It's one I—there it is! That  
one in the large, square, cream-tinted en-  
velope. It's this one, and—"

"Hands off, young man, or I'll call a  
policeman and have you arrested for try-  
ing to rob the mails. If the postmaster at  
the general office wants to give you that  
letter he can do it. I shan't!"

"But, say now—wait a minute, please  
wait! I'll tell you exactly what's in that  
letter, and if you've a spark of feeling  
you'll give it to me. That letter contains  
a proposal of marriage, and ten minutes  
after I'd mailed it I got an invitation to  
the young lady's wedding! Think of it!  
Those are the blood-curdling facts in the  
case! Now be merciful enough to let me  
have that letter."

"Very sorry, but I can't do it," said  
the postman with a grin. "But come  
along with me and state your case to the  
postmaster, and maybe he'll think it none  
of the government's business and give  
you the letter."

The dejected suitor followed the post-

## Its Continued Use

By all classes of people proves its worth.

There is no possibility of buying anything as good

## MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA

man down the street, while the anxious  
look on his face deepened into one of  
actual misery.

## A General's "Bluff."

**B**RAVERY in a military officer is a  
commonplace virtue, since no man  
is fit to be an officer unless he  
possesses it. But presence of mind  
in great danger is a rarer quality, and the  
officer who possesses it needs only oppor-  
tunity to bring him distinction.

General de Gallifet, the French minister  
of war, and the most eminent living French  
general, possesses presence of mind in a  
high degree. During the War of the Com-  
mune, Gallifet once found himself, at the  
Bergerie bridge, Paris, surrounded on  
three sides by the insurgent national  
guard. He was accompanied by a lieuten-  
ant only, Bernard d'Harcourt by name.  
Escape was impossible. Three thousand  
national guards had their guns aimed at  
the two officers.

"We shall never get out of this alive!"  
said the lieutenant.

"Well," said Gallifet, "perhaps not, but  
I think we shall. Follow me!"

Gallifet proceeded to ride at a slow trot  
directly toward the insurgents. Presently  
the Communist commander, a man in a  
white beard, evidently not a soldier by  
occupation, stepped out and called:

"What do you want?"

Then Gallifet proceeded to make a speech  
in a somewhat grandiloquent manner. He  
pretended that he had come from President  
Thiers.

"Frenchmen," he said, "listen! Shall  
it be peace or war between Paris and  
Versailles? Shall we not have peace?  
Lay down your arms and all will be well.  
If you persist, it is war to the death!  
Frenchmen, choose!"

A great clamor rose among the insur-  
gents. The Communist commander spoke  
up.

"Go back to President Thiers," he  
shouted, "and tell him it is war!"

"I go!" said Gallifet. He wanted noth-  
ing better, as his "mission" was a pure  
accident, and he was as good as a prisoner.  
He and the lieutenant rode away. The  
lieutenant's horse struck into a gallop.

"Hold on!" called Gallifet. "Don't  
let them think we are in a hurry—they'll  
know what's up!"

So the two officers walked their horses  
out of range of the insurgent rifles, and  
rejoined their command. Two months  
later the gray-bearded Communist com-  
mander fell into the hands of Gallifet, who  
gave him his liberty in agreeable remem-  
brance of the incident.

## Cuban Tipple.

**WHATEVER** the faults of the Cuban  
may be, he has one great redeeming  
virtue. That is temperance in the  
matter of strong drinks. A drunkard is  
looked upon with disgust. A few admir-  
ing natives, in the early days of Santiago,  
and with the first blush of gratitude to the  
great American nation still mantling the  
land, essayed our national product of the  
rye. But the experiment was not a suc-  
cess, and next morning their vows of ab-  
stinence from the devil drinks of the  
Americans were made—and in most in-  
stances kept. Except an occasional pony  
of French cognac, or the island's rum, the  
Cuban confines himself strictly to those  
crisps designated as "refrescos," long,  
soft, and cooling. Wine, which all  
over Cuba is cheap and of good  
quality, he drinks of liberally. At  
every meal at a *cafe* a bottle of "Rioja  
Clarete" is placed at the elbow of the  
diner, and at the private boarding-houses  
it is not an extra in the monthly bill. The  
price is about ten cents a pint in bottle.  
"Vino Catalan," the better grade table-  
wine, is dark claret colored, of good body,  
and not so acid as the French claret.  
"Vino Blanco," a heavy, sweet white  
wine, is much less used. The favorite  
non-alcoholic drink is "leche con panais."  
The "panais" is the white of eggs beaten  
with sugar until when dry it forms a  
cloud-like substance, crisp, brittle, and  
similar in shape to a morning roll.

"Panais"-making is a regular profession  
in Havana, and a good manufacturer com-  
mands high wages in the *cafes* and restau-  
rants. "Naranjada" is composed of several  
slices of oranges, a little lime, seltzer, ice,  
and sugar. "Ensalada" is a curious cold  
fruit stew of sliced pine, mango, orange,  
lime, pear, seltzer, ice, and sugar.  
"Orchata" is a mild milk-punch. "Ceb-

ada," a favorite drink in the interior, is  
made of sweetened barley water slightly  
fermented. "Aguas" is the juice of  
unripe grapes diluted with seltzer and  
sweetened with honey. "Gorapina" is a  
pungent, fermented infusion of pineapple-  
rind sweetened with sugar. "Yacamaya"  
is an aerated elder, strong and heavy. In  
addition to these there are the ordinary  
sodas and pops with which Americans are  
acquainted at home.

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DENTIFRICE PARISIENNE  
D'ATKINSON

Pre-eminent  
for cleans-  
ing the

## Teeth

Excels as a  
Disinfectant

ada," a favorite drink in the interior, is  
made of sweetened barley water slightly  
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Golden Opinions

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## Studio and Gallery

VERY striking feature of the Tissot paintings, a feature which is common to most of the subjects, is the pronounced individuality of the prominent figures, distinguishable in the drawing and modeling of the countenance. Be the face large or small, the same literal accuracy, the same faithful adherence to truth is discernible. When we consider the original drawings in black and white for these subjects, we find the secret of this marked effort to represent individual character. We gaze with amazement and admiration at the persistent, almost dogged, determination to present the facts of the features in their minutest detail. There is no impressionistic smudging, no swabbing of the firmly constructed human anatomy into impressionistic pulp. We are compelled to acknowledge the intellectual grasp of his subject, the seriousness of purpose, the well planned whole in view which the artist must have had in arranging his work. Like a true literary artist, he preserves the pronounced characteristics of his original subject throughout the whole tragedy; each is consistent always. The beautiful Mary Magdalene in her brilliant attire—ah! those lovely reds—with her glittering jewelry, is still Mary Magdalene, though she kneel in sombre robes at the feet of her Saviour, the very personification of repentant grief. And Peter is always impulsive, ever ready Peter, whether in whacking off a Jew's ear or in going out to weep bitterly.

Did you ever see such unctuous craftiness, such oily dissimulation, introduced in one square inch as unites in the face of "that fox" Herod? One cannot repress a smile. There is intellectual dignity, sweetness and strength in the face of Luke, "the beloved physician." In No. 200 there is in the background a face less than half an inch square, which seems to embrace the concentrated cynicism of hell. Barabbas, the demoralized conscienceless hero of an equally demoralized mob, and the bulletheaded, square-jawed Pilate, are both as we have expected to see them. In Annas and Caiaphas, the artist is exceptionally good. Paul, John and the other disciples are alike characteristic. But when he combines his figure-subjects into groups, more especially groups of Pharisees, then is the full tale made apparent, more intensely as the great tragedy draws to its close.

This is, perhaps, considered artistically, a very minor feature of the work. Indeed, we may hear, it is not an art feature at all. Were we pointing out the artistic successes of the work merely, it is not a feature we would dwell upon. We would draw attention to the marvelous compositions, and a dozen more art features. But Tissot is a writer in paint, and had he omitted these telling details his story would be comparatively powerless. As it is, they are the "words" which convey to us his ideas, and how powerfully they are conveyed!

At the request of some friends and admirers who enjoyed the benefit of Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles' out-door teaching this summer, he has consented to open a studio for the early part of the winter at least, in the Union Loan Building, Toronto street, in the room formerly occupied by Mr. G. Bruenech, who is absent at present on the Continent.

The month of October will see some vigorous efforts in the direction of school art. Committees are being formed in several of the schools, and it is hoped that ere long all the city schools will be connected with the movement. From representatives of these committees one central committee will be organized to have the general guidance of the whole school league, this committee itself being under the supervision of the Advisory Board of School Art. So there will be good workable machinery, needing only steam and to be kept well-oiled. We predict no failures. This winter's work will accomplish a great deal for school art. We have always predicted a worthy future for this effort, and we continue to give it our most cordial sympathy and support—and advice.

A small but suggestive collection of painted china, by F. B. Aulich, who needs no introduction to Toronto ceramic artists, is now on view at the store of Gowans, Kent & Co., where Mr. Aulich will also be found himself next week. We do wish some modern theologian, some Higher Critic, it may be, would tone down some more of the Scriptures for us, and give us a loop-hole through some of the religious requirements we have been wont to believe un-get-roundable. There are in this collection three or four pieces we do not covet!—we only wish, awfully, they were ours: a pitcher decorated with hawthorn sprays and blossoms, another with a mass of blackberries, a couple of vases and an immense plaque with—oh, such roses! We do not want his game set

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with game painted on them. The idea of representing the preliminary stages of preparation of our cooking to us, while we feast, is, we are persuaded, not an aesthetic one. So no painted fish nor game for us, if you please, whilst we devour the remains of the original model. We should suffer from remorse. Besides, as one has said, "Why not paint the cook?" Little or no gold, we were glad to see, or not to see. When will artists learn that art and sham are forever opposed to each other, and gilt is sham? Some day we shall be freed from the suffering of gilt frames, which we have endured so long, with what our funeral notices would describe as "Christian (?) resignation."

The annual exhibition of ceramic art, under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association, commences on October 7 with a private view to exhibitors and friends, and after that will be open for two weeks to the public. Intending exhibitors can find out all they require to know from Miss Bertram, 103 St. Vincent street, and it would be well to enquire immediately, as all contributions must be in October 1. We are looking forward to an interesting display—that is, if it will really be representative, as we trust it will, for ceramic art is a feature of our Canadian art.

Miss Muntz has returned from Holland, and means to make Toronto her headquarters for this winter, and we hope for all time. She has come back minus her "wife," from whom she has separated for a season, not on the ground of that subtle ethical idea, or ideas, which our divorce courts pronounce "incompatibility of temper," but because Miss Hawley's Paris friends wished her with them for a season, and she consented to stay meanwhile, expecting the return of Miss Muntz next summer. St. Margaret's College is to have the benefit of Miss Muntz's art knowledge this season. We congratulate it. Miss Muntz can be found any Wednesday or Saturday at her studio in the Yonge street Arcade.

A meeting will be held at Huron street school on Tuesday afternoon, October 3, at four o'clock, to form an art league for the purpose of decorating the school rooms with copies of celebrated paintings. Several ladies interested in the school are moving in the matter, and request all who can to attend the meeting on Tuesday. This may be described as a part of the general movement that is proving so successful in Toronto.

Mr. John C. Innes, the artist, left Toronto this week for the North-West, where he will spend a couple of months attending the big cattle round-ups, the police barracks and Indian reservations, collecting material for paintings that he has in contemplation.

Ottawa built for its Central Fair an addition to the Woman's Building to be a legitimate picture gallery, the first separate gallery they have had for pictures for their exhibition. They with proper discrimination invited our Ontario Society of Artists to cover its walls—it is 15x51—with about two hundred paintings, which the Society did, much to its credit and the credit of the country generally, and to the satisfaction of the Ottawa people.

R. F. Gagen, secretary of the O.S.A., who superintended the Ottawa exhibition of paintings and who during the summer has been only at intervals visible to his many friends, has settled permanently in his comfortable new studio, 90 Yonge street.

JEAN GRANT.

## The Cowes Regatta

THIS year everything contributed to make "Cowes week" a brilliant success (writes the Duchess de Belmore to a Chicago paper). The number of yachts of all sizes was quite up to the average, and there were as many celebrities and charming toilets as ever. The foreign element abounded. The routine is simple, for it is understood to be thoroughly *dolce far niente* from beginning to end. People rise only in time to see the ten o'clock start for the races. After a late breakfast the yachtsmen land to fraternize with friends on shore, and the streets present a lively appearance. Provisions at exorbitant prices are eagerly bought up. After luncheon, a prolonged and substantial affair, an elaborate afternoon toilet is made. Tea is served in the Squadron garden. Each member has only two ladies' tea badges to give away, and as these are not transferable they are regarded as very precious. The recipients are so proud to possess them that they fasten the ugly little disks on the front of their gowns.

On board the yachts are a succession of tea parties and afternoon dances. Dinner is an important function, and the Prince of Wales frequently drops in at the castle about eleven o'clock for half an hour or so. Very high play goes on, and there is heavy wagering among the yachtsmen. The Queen drives every evening, but the Duchess of York prefers to remain quietly on board the Osborne. Until the arrival of the Princess of Wales the Prince lingered on the Osborne with a very limited *coterie* of friends, but after the coming of his ever-popular wife he went ashore and was seen on his racing yacht, the Britannia.

The Princess is devoted to yachting, and not only loves cruising in her familiar floating home, the Osborne, but enjoys most thoroughly spins in the racing craft, and that when there is breeze enough to send it rushing through the water.

Princess Victoria of Wales, who always shared her parents' love for the sport, spent two months last year on the Osborne, cruising about with her father when he was invalided—her mother being in attendance upon the dying Queen of Denmark. Princess Victoria was often out on expeditions in the steam pinnace, and often when at home has Her Royal Highness gone out clad in thoroughly practical yachtswoman's clothes for a cruise in a yawl when the boat was lee gunwale under and spray flying.

The Marchioness of Londonderry is an experienced yachtswoman. At her Irish home she has a very beautiful little craft, which she sails herself on the waters of Carlingford lough, where skill and quickness are both necessary. Lady Constance Butler, younger daughter of the vice-commodore of the royal yacht squadron, has sailed over many seas with her father, and understands the science of the racing craft. The Countess of Dudley can take her turn at the wheel with skill and judgment. Princess Henry of Pleis is a good sailor and qualified to take the tiller of quite a big yacht when the wind does not render such work too heavy for a woman. Hon. Mrs. Oliphant has again greatly distinguished herself in yachting circles. In her beautiful little boat, the Poppel, she has recently won four cups. Two of these, secured at Hamble, scored a record. One cup was offered for the fastest boat, another for the first lady across the line. Mrs. Oliphant and the Poppel took both triumphantly. This lady, who is so excellent a steerswoman and so conversant with the science of sailing, is of a sport-

loving family. Her brother, Lord Gerard, is a fine shot and a keen sympathizer with hunting, his wife being a well known lady follower of hounds and celebrated for her riding of thoroughbreds. Hon. Monica Gerard married Col. Oliphant of the Grenadier Guards twenty-one years ago, and though yachting is her favorite sport it is by no means her only one.

Women who have taken up small yacht racing are most enthusiastic, and in time their ambition to have a race for ladies' yachts, "manned" by ladies, may be satisfied. The best yacht clubs are considering the subject of making it a condition that each member of the crew of racing craft should know how to swim, which, if carried, as will surely be the case, would greatly reduce the danger.

Somewhat remarkable costumes were worn by Count Boni de Castellane, Anna Gould's French husband, during the week of the regatta. One day he was seen wearing a suit of pea-green serge, with white boots and a black bowler hat. On another occasion he appeared in a close-fitting tail coat of white duck, fitting tightly over corsets, white boots and yachting cap.

## How She Won Him.

Once upon a time a woman trimmed her own bonnets, and in consequence of this her husband became enormously wealthy.

"I owe all I have to you," said the man to his wife one day. "I will accordingly pay you seven per cent. interest on my entire fortune."

But the woman wouldn't take a penny. If anything further be needed to make a fairy story of this, let it be said that they lived happily ever after.

## Buying the Ring.

A CHANCE observer had gone into a jewelry store with the idea of purchasing a few knick-knacks, and was somewhat astonished to find a lady purchasing a wedding ring. He remembered his own embarrassment when he set out on a similar errand, and would have given anything for someone else to take the job in hand. But he was probably more nervous than he is now.

"Isn't that a new thing?" he asked the man behind the counter, as the lady went out.

"What?" said the jeweler.

"For the bride to buy the wedding ring," replied the observer.

The jeweler laughed. "Not at all," he said. "The practice has been in vogue for several years and has continued to grow in popularity until it has become quite the proper thing. Indeed, when a man comes in here now and asks to look at plain gold rings we consider him a little off color, and feel as though he were usurping a feminine prerogative. Why shouldn't the woman buy the ring, looking at the matter from a common-sense standpoint? It saves no end of trouble."

"A ring from a woman's point of view is a matter not only of sentiment, but also of adornment. She wants her jewelry, however cheap it may be, to be of the proper cut and the proper size. Now, what man, I would like to know, can go in and select the right kind of ring even if he has got the measure? Not one out of twenty. It is a lot more satisfactory for all concerned for the bride to come in and pick out what she wants without troubling the bridegroom, except, of course, for the money. He always settles the bill—at least, I suppose he does."

"It's rare fun to see some of the women when they first state their errand. They

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## .. After the Feast ..

If people will partake of the inner man comforts too heartily they will eventually suffer. When too much food is crowded into the stomach the gastric juices are unable to dissolve it, consequently a mass of undigested food is left upon which the solvent liquids act feebly. This matter turns sour and ferments, the same kind of action goes on in your swill pail on a hot summer day, and the poison generated permeates your system through the blood. When the foul taint reaches the brain it causes minute congestion of the delicate tissues there and a furious headache results. Nausea added to these horrors completes a not too pleasing list. Now it is possible to eat as much and as varied nourishment as

one likes, Hutch makes it an easy matter. The action of Hutch is simple because it is natural. It induces the secretion of the gastric juices, the food becomes dissolved, it promotes assimilation, the wheat is separated from the chaff and what is beneficial to the body retained and by being slightly cathartic it expels all excrement, the chaff is thrown away, as it were. Another feature peculiar to Hutch is that it does not weaken. Purgatives, cathartics, etc., induce constipation and necessitate increased doses to be effectual. Hutch strengthens the entire system and every organ is toned up in like degree. Thus you will find that instead of increasing you will probably have to lessen the doses of Hutch.

beat about the bush and make their wants known in such a coquettish way that I don't wonder, sometimes, that the young man, whoever he may be, has lost his head. Maidenly modesty, I suppose, makes them shy, and they begin by saying they are looking for a plain gold ring for a friend with a finger about the size of mine. When they say that, I always smile: I know what it means."

## It Was Very Touching.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang: "Mid play sure, and pal ace, though heam a Rome Be it averse, oh wum bull there snow play sly comb, and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room."

"You durned expansionists," remarked the man with the long sorrel beard, "ought to remember the frog that tried to be as big as the ox, and swelled himself up till he busted." "That frog wasn't an expansionist," said the other man: "he was an inflationist."—Chicago Tribune.

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## Music.

THE musical season will soon be in full swing, and our musical reporters will, to their great relief, have something to write about. The first event will be the concert of the Toronto Chamber Music Association next Wednesday, at which the great attraction will be the Kneisel Quartette Club of Boston. On the following Wednesday there will be produced at the Grand the successful musical comedy, *The Runaway Girl*, by the Daly Company, and Monday, October 9, will open a week of comic opera by the Alice Neilson Company, who will give for the first time *Victor Herbert's* new opera, *The Singing Girl*. The *Grau Grand Opera* will come next, and the climax for the month will be reached in the two concerts of the Torrington festival in the Massey Hall.

If report speaks truly we shall have a treat when Miss Clara Butt, the English contralto, appears in Toronto. She is a native of Bristol, and is only 22 years of age. She is described as "divinely tall," about six feet in height, and strikingly handsome. As to her voice, it is said to be a pure, sonorous contralto of wide range, and of exceptional evenness throughout its compass. Her interpretations, we are told, are marked by touching expression. The debut of the young artist in this city should therefore excite wide-spread interest among musical people.

Mr. Frank Welsman, our popular young piano virtuoso, has removed from 263 Sherbourne street to 32 Madison avenue, where he will in future receive his private pupils.

From the London *Musical Times* one learns that the University of Edinburgh is indebted for its department of music to an amateur who bequeathed it \$250,000, with the condition that it should be devoted to founding a chair of music. The authorities, however, appropriated the money for other purposes, and it was necessary to resort to litigation in order to secure justice for the professor of music and his department, the result being the erection in 1861 of a special building with a museum and musical library. The present professor is Frederick Niecks, the well known biographer of Chopin. It took Niecks ten years to collect the material for his work, although he had the assistance of many eminent musicians, including Liszt.

It was suggested some time ago by a contributor to the *Frankfort Zeitung* that the Lied should be treated in the Wagnerian manner by having a scenic background for each song, changing with the situation. Felix Weingartner strongly condemns the idea. He says a good song, Schubert's *Aufenthalt* for instance, is so beautiful and fascinating merely from a musical point of view that it absorbs all our attention, and would make a changing scenic background a superfluity, if not an impertinence.

The musical editor of the New York *Evening Post* believes that if Johann Strauss's operettas, by far, he says, the most inspired works of their class ever composed, were revived in a first-class manner, they would prove immensely profitable and be a relief and joy after all the trash inflicted on the public during the last decade. He mentions the fact that the revival of the *Fledermaus* in Berlin recently has proved an almost unprecedented success. It is possible that a revival of Strauss's operettas might appeal strongly to audiences of German descent, but I doubt very much whether English or American people would be particularly attracted by the undertaking. So far as my observation goes, the public in America seem to have lost their taste both for Offenbach and Strauss. No doubt the libretti have much to do with the lack of appreciation of these works.

Miss Jones, who studied piano under Professor Krause at Leipzig and Mr. Harold Bauer at Paris, will, I understand, return to Toronto and will open a studio at Nordheimer's on October 1.

The correspondent at Bayreuth of the *Detroit Concert-Goer*, in last week's issue contributes a very amusing article in continuation of his attacks on the Festival. One paragraph in particular is worth quoting: "The impression left upon me was that, with one exception, all the ring characters are a set of scheming conspirators, always on the kill and on the get. In Siegfried, the world's treasure, we see a great deal of the blackguard. He sets out in quest of adventure; kills a dragon, brutally murders the dwarf, marries the first woman he meets, gets tired of her, so takes her helmet, armor, spear, cloak and horse, and leaves her; swears eternal friendship with the first man he meets, falls in love with the second woman he meets, then betrays first wife, friend and second wife, and tells lies, all of which occurs through a remarkable jumble of magic potions. The heroic in such a personage must be looked for under the microscope. The gross sensuality, and, when considered unveiled, the abominable immorality of the whole of the pivotal incidents of this cycle, must repel most clean-minded persons. . . . Apart, then, from the orchestral music and some occasional vocal music, the Bayreuth performance is, broadly speaking, a puppet show, with so many jerky dolls making a succession of tableaux—truly magnificent enough—representing thieving, and murder, and knavery of a more or less high-class description." This kind of criticism is quite a relief from the monotonous unanimity of opinion about the Wagnerian drama which we find in the writings of most journalists of advanced views in the United States. But it will prove a terrible shock should it meet the eyes of brothers Kneibel of the New York *Tri-bune* and Henderson of the *Times*.

Mr. John Howard, probably the best known teacher of artistic singing in America, will spend the month of October in Toronto, teaching at Nordheimer's

building. He claims to be able to advance his pupils' voices more greatly in one month than others in an entire system. Some of our best vocalists have personally testified to us that his own voice and artistic style of singing are really extraordinary. The School of Vocal Science, all connection with which Mr. Howard distinctly repudiates, asserts that "its work is founded upon the work and writings of Mr. John Howard." Mr. Howard is anxious to meet our singers, and will cheerfully accord interviews without charge, when he can hear the caller's voice, give probably valuable advice, and afford an example of his own voice and phrasing. His reputation in London (Eng.) may be judged from the following quotation from the *Musical Opinion*: "He (Mr. Howard) is well known as the leading exponent of the school of physiological voice training."

Mr. Edward A. Hayes of New York, the well known voice specialist, will extend his teaching in Toronto during October. He will then leave for Paris, France, where he intends to teach hereafter. Among the vocalists that are known to our readers he has recently had as pupils: Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes and Mr. Raymond O. Riester of Buffalo, and Miss Margaret Huston and Miss Bessie Bonnell of our own city. Mr. Hayes will be pleased to meet any interested in the study of broad vocal work, at his studio in Confederation Life Building.

It is the purpose of the Conservatory of Music to make the study of sight-singing as attractive and practical as possible, and with this object in view special classes are being formed for those desirous of obtaining church choir positions, where the ability to read at sight is so essential. These classes will be under the direction of Mr. A. T. Cringan, Mus. Bac., whose qualifications and experience render him specially fitted for the work. In addition to his work in the Public schools of Toronto, Mr. Cringan has for the past two summers been engaged as lecturer on pedagogics and vocal physiology at the American Institute of Normal Methods held at Boston and New York. In the near future Mr. Cringan will deliver a public lecture in the Conservatory music hall, the date of which will be announced later. The attendance at the Conservatory of Music is much in excess of that of the same date last season, although that was in advance of all previous years in the history of the institution.

The annual meeting and first rehearsal of the Toronto Male Chorus Club was held on Monday evening, at the music hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and was the largest and most successful inaugural meeting in the history of the Club. The treasurer's report, showing a substantial balance of cash on hand, was read, after which the election of officers took place, resulting as follows: President, Mr. W. H. Brouse; 1st vice-president, Mr. R. S. Gourlay; 2nd vice-president, Mr. Thomas Bilton; hon. secretary, Mr. E. P. Beatty; hon. assistant secretary, Mr. W. E. Harper; hon. treasurer, Mr. Walter Gow; hon. assistant treasurer, Mr. John C. Wedd. Committee: Messrs. W. H. Blake, J. Hayden Horsey, Chas. A. Ross, R. H. Greene, Oscar C. Wembourne, J. Fraser Macdonald, W. Murray Alexander, A. J. Hughes. Auditors: Mr. E. A. Campbell, Mr. F. G. Ramsden. The following complimentary resolution was unanimously adopted: "The members of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, at the opening meeting of the season 1899-1900, desire to express in the strongest possible terms their appreciation of the musical ability, tact and courtesy of their conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and at the same time to acknowledge the great pleasure and benefit derived from the weekly club meetings, and to assure him of their loyal support in all the work of the present season." There are a few vacancies for good voices, and applications for membership should be made without delay to the conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, at his studio, Oddfellows' Building, corner of Yonge and College streets. Rehearsals will be held every Monday evening at the Conservatory Music Hall.

Toronto musical circles have been lately increased by the arrival of Miss Margaret M. Sills, who has just returned from a two years' residence in Leipzig, where she has been studying under Professor Krause, who speaks in the most flattering terms of her ability as a pianist. As Miss Sills was well known as an experienced and successful teacher previous to her study abroad, we feel safe in predicting a renewed and extended confidence in her work in Toronto. For particulars see her professional card.

The announcement that the Kneisel String Quartette of Boston will give a programme of chamber music in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, October 4, will doubtless draw a large audience. A musical treat is in store for those who attend this concert, as may be seen by the following programme: Haydn, Quartette in C major, op. 76, No. 3 (Euphor Quartette); Allegro, Poco Adagio, Menuetto (Allegro); Finale (Presto). Bach, Sonata for cello without accompaniment, (a) Allemande, (b) Gavotte, Dvorak, Terzetto for two violins and viola. C. M. Loeffler: First movement from the Suite (La Vierge de l'Ukraine), for violin and piano. Beethoven, Quartette in B flat major, op. 18, No. 6, Allegro con brio, Adagio ma non troppo, Scherzo (Allegro) La Malinconia, Adagio, Allegretto, quasi Allegro. The reserved seat plan opens at Tyrrell's book store on Tuesday, October 3, at 10 o'clock.

A feature of the musical exercises in connection with the opening of the City Hall last week was the excellent singing of Miss Edythe Hill, the talented young contralto. Miss Hill was enthusiastically encouraged, and by special request sang also for His Worship the Mayor, who was not present at the early part of the programme. Miss Hill, who is the daughter of Mr. H. J. Hill, the well known manager of the Industrial Exhibition, is a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, won the gold medal at Whitby

College last year, and passed the graduating examination at the Conservatory of Music in June last with first-class honors.

Late London papers state that H. M. S. Pinafore was given its one-thousandth performance in London on September 15. The Savoy Theater was decorated with national flags in honor of the occasion. All of the performances have been given under the management of Mr. D'Oyley Carte. It is curious to recall the fact that the opera was a failure on its first production at the Opera Comique, London, by a financial syndicate.

Appreciative Canadians who have heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston or New York will sometimes tell you that it is the finest orchestra in the world. This is rather a sweeping assertion and can only be justified by a personal knowledge of the playing of the great orchestras of Europe, in which case it may be received as a reasonable expression of opinion. No doubt many Canadians are impressed by the claims made for the Boston orchestra by their supporters, for it is not characteristic of our friends and cousins across the border to be backward in making pretensions. It will be of value in this connection to read what Mr. Blumenberg, editor of the *Musical Courier*, writes after a visit to Paris, where he heard the eightieth performance of the Tannhauser. "In addition to the splendid ballet," he says, "mise-en-scene and scenery the orchestra was the great central feature of the performance. As soon as M. Taubert had finished the overture I concluded that there could be nothing greater in an orchestral unit than this body of musicians at the Grand Opera here. Leaving aside entirely the fact that the conductor was in thorough rapport with the score and with his men, the magnificent tone quality, the purity, the vibrancy, the penetrating brilliancy of the tone were actually overwhelming. As a tonal body it far surpasses the Boston Symphony, which, although one of the best bands we know of, is not endowed with the spontaneous, I might say electric, response and decision of the orchestra here. The players are all graduates of the Paris Conservatory, and the ninety men have ninety instruments of the very finest quality; and here let me say is manifest the influence of Hector Berlioz. It was through his mediation, his insistence and his missionary work that Paris became a center for the production of artistic woodwind and brass instruments, and that the culture of the violin and its repair were driven to such a point of perfection. All this is felt in the tone quality that wells up to you from the orchestral pit. You are revelling in a sea of pure tone waves, and as all the players are artists and as their ensemble is as much a study with them as their individual play, and as they are in constant rehearsal, and as their position embraces distinction and honor in their environment, and as they are not the subjects of a conductor's or manager's personal whims, we get an orchestral performance that is a godsend to a soul hungry for good music. Three cheers for the Paris Grand Opera Orchestra." This unreserved praise, coming from an American critic, is perhaps more convincing than anything that could be said by a Parisian critic—that is, so far as its effect is considered upon American readers. Mr. Blumenberg's opinion, however, is quite in accord with those held by other American musicians who have been to Europe and have heard the Parisian Orchestra.

I am informed that during the last week the sub-scribers' list for reserved seats for the Torrington Musical Festival, on October 24 and 25, has been rapidly filling up. I would advise those of our concert goers who have a habit of waiting till the last moment before securing their seats, to make an exception in this case. Should any of Mr. Torrington's admirers fail to obtain good seats it will be their own fault. The committee state that they are strongly encouraged with the prospect that the entire plan will be taken up several days in advance of the concert. The engagement of Mrs. Julie Wyman as contralto soloist will give much satisfaction. Mrs. Wyman is held in the highest esteem as an interpreter of standard compositions, while her artistic singing has on previous occasions delighted many critical audiences in this city. Every feature of the festival is reported to be in the most satisfactory state of preparation, while all those who will take part in the performances seem to be animated by a spirit of enthusiasm.

The unrivaled Kneisel String Quartette of Boston is to be heard in one of their fine programmes on the evening of Wednesday, October 4, in Association Hall, under the auspices of the Toronto Chamber Music Association.

Mr. Paul Hahn, who on his trip to the Adirondack Mountains was engaged in Kingston by the Kingston Quartette Club, seems to have left a very good impression on the people of that city. The *Daily Whig* speaking of the concert said: "Mr. Paul Hahn, who played for the first time to the Kingston public, was a revelation, and the audience showed it clearly by insisting on encores for every number. His numbers, Poppers Gavotte, Serenade Badine, Berceuse by Godard, showed the true artist, and even the little German Air played for one of the encores was worth the price of admission. The citizens will be pleased to hear him again."

A brilliant and most enjoyable society function took place in Chatham on Friday evening of last week, when Mr. Charles Monteth, the United States Consul, and his wife, gave a musicale in the Opera House for the entertainment of about four hundred friends. A most attractive programme was contributed by Mrs. O. L. Lewis, elocutionist; Miss Nellie Rhody, Miss Adele McLean and Miss Mary Gemmell, pianists; Mr. H. McGaw, violinist; and Mr. Claire Monteth, Miss Jessie Taylor and Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. James, vocalists. Every number was excellently rendered, but perhaps special

mention may be made of the singing of Mr. Claire Monteth and Miss Jessie Taylor. The local press speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of Miss Taylor, whose voice is described as rich, clear and sympathetic, and her style as finished and expressive. Mr. Claire Monteth also won a pronounced success. His voice, a powerful and rich baritone, was much admired, and he sings, we are told, with taste and feeling. CHERUBINO.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 24, 1888

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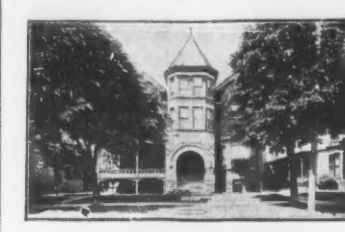
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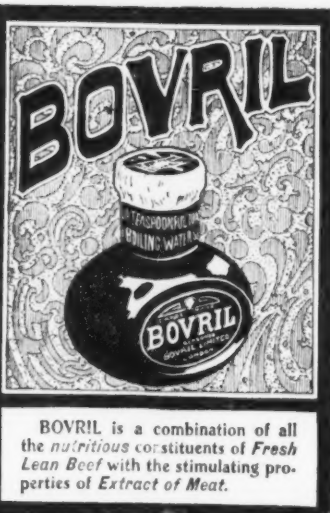
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### Social and Personal.

Wednesday afternoon a very interesting social event, the wedding of Mr. William Lyall Allen of Cobourg, son of Mr. W. S. Allen of Cobourg, to Ethel Campbell Moore, the second daughter of Mr. W. H. Moore, barrister, took place at the residence of the bride's father, 310 London street, Peterboro'. The ceremony, which was quiet, in view of recent family bereavement, was celebrated at 3 o'clock by Rev. Dr. Torrance of St. Paul's church. Miss Carolyn Allen, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Mr. H. Ritchie groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, on their return from a wedding journey to Boston and New York, will reside in Cobourg.

Mrs. K. C. McIlwraith will hold her post-nuptial receptions Monday and Tuesday, October 2 and 3, at her home, 39 Carlton street.

I hear a five-story residential apartment house is to be erected on the southwest corner of St. George and Harbord streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones of Llawbadan are entertaining an English friend, Mr. George Ramsden, who comes from Yorkshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin S. Kirkpatrick are en pension at 64 St. George street, having returned from the Island. Mrs. Kirkpatrick receives on Tuesdays.

The engagement is announced between Miss Charlotte D. Newman of Markham street, daughter of the late Canon Newman, formerly of London, and Mr. W. G. Huds, manager of the Merchants' Bank, Mitchell, Ont.

Sol Smith Russell, who comes to the Grand Opera House for the first half of next week, brings with him a new play, written for him by Charles Klein and entitled Hon. John Grigsby. It is said that the role suits Mr. Russell—was written to suit him. Grigsby was an Illinois lawyer in the early days, earnest, busy, but badly paid.

Mr. Edward A. Hayes, the voice specialist, will remain in Toronto during October and then go to Paris, where he will continue teaching.

The elocution department at Wyelife College will be presided over by Mr. S. T. Church.

Mrs. Ross Mackenzie is making a short visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred. Harcourt of St. George street, on her way to St. Catharines from Muskoka, where she spent a delightful summer with Mrs. G. R. Baker on Florence Island, Lake Rosseau.

Mr. David G. S. Connery, the British elocutionist, is meeting with remarkable success in making dates for recitals, and he is also receiving a large number of pupils.

Mr. Alex. Warden, who has been so seriously ill at his home in St. George street, left last week for Lake Simcoe for two or three weeks' rest. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Clougher of Grenville street will not be at home to her friends until the first and second Tuesdays in November.

Miss Ives and Miss Grace Pitts, from Medina, N.Y., have been guests of Mrs. Higgins, and also some friends from Macon, Ga.

The Ceramic Committee of the Woman's Art Association, comprising Mrs. McLachlan, convenor; Miss Bertram, secretary, Miss Irvine and Miss Howson, are gratified to know from the return of blanks that the annual exhibition will be

more interesting and larger than usual, an added feature of great interest to many being a fine display of wood carving. The exhibition opens in Roberts' Art Gallery on October 7 with a private view to members and their friends, and to the public from October 9 to 21.

Mrs. William Bryce and daughter, Miss Maude, of Cecil street, left on Thursday last on an extended visit in the Western States.

Miss Florence Read of Spadina avenue left the beginning of the week for the great international yacht race in New York, and while there will be the guest of her friend, Miss Le Bel.

Mrs. Geo. Gray (nee Sheridan) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at the residence of her mother in Isabella street, on Thursday and Friday, October 5 and 6.

The marriage of Miss Alice Wallace and Mr. Robert Braithwaite is to take place on Wednesday, October 4.

By good fortune the execrable weather of Monday and Tuesday was succeeded by beautiful September days, and fine crowds—not very large ones though—were seen at the Woodbine.

Mrs. Southam, Miss Southam and Mr. W. Southam of Hamilton have returned home from Europe.

Miss Agnes Scott of Ottawa, who is a daughter of Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, has returned home from a very pleasant holiday visit at Picton, N.S., where she was the guest of Mrs. Spain.

"Has your dachshund a pedigree?" "Pedigree? Look at him; it makes him sag to carry it."—Chicago Record.

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### A Martyr to Science.

READY and eager hands assisted the maimed and bandaged man into the smoking-car, and placed the battered remnants of a once high-grade model "Q" in the baggage compartment with a rough tenderness.

"Sir," replied the invalid, "I thank you for your kind assistance and generous sympathy, but you entirely misapprehend the reason of my unfortunate condition. In fact, gentlemen," he continued, as the brakeman, the train-boy, and the three other passengers gathered around him, "far from being a tyro, I have just accomplished one of the most remarkable feats ever attempted on the pneumatic tire."

"Well, I guess it was remarkable you ain't dead, already, of you was on dat biscooke ven it gelroked vas," commented the ponderous Teuton, as he drew in a deep draught from his two-feet-seven meerschaum.

"Hully chee!" exclaimed the young man with the "nobby pants," who had stepped forward for a moment to inspect the machine; "dey ain't a whole spoke in it. Say, young feller, w'at was you trying ter celebrate, anyhow?"

"A most interesting experiment," answered the wheelman, as he adjusted the sling in which he carried his left arm.

"I say, now, tell it us, won't you?" queried the young Englishman with the tweed "fore-and-after."

"Certainly," said the cyclist. "I have been for a long time experimenting with the capabilities of the bicycle, and have taught it to do many curious things. So readily has it responded to my wishes that I have been wont to claim that my faithful wheel could do anything except climb a tree. I had made this statement many times, when it gradually came over me that perhaps I was doing my versatile bike an injustice, and I finally determined that should a favorable opportunity occur I would make the attempt. Time passed without what seemed a suitable occasion presenting itself, when suddenly this afternoon the chance unexpectedly arrived.

"I was pedaling rapidly along a narrow sidewalk in the village we have just left, when all at once three beautiful young women loomed up in the path before me. On one side was a barbed-wire fence, on the other was a row of stout sapling maples.

"I tinkled my bell in a gentle and apologetic manner, but, to my dismay, the young women stood upon their rights as well as on the sidewalk. To run down a beautiful, even though headstrong, female was out of the question. It was too late to stop, and the barbed-wire fence offered no attractions. Then like a flash it occurred to me that the long-looked-for opportunity for attempting an arboreal ascension had arrived. To think was to act. I headed my machine almost if not quite unconsciously for the nearest sapling, accelerating my speed, and struck it fair and square, head on. The young tree-trunk bent slightly beneath the force of the blow. Not for an instant did I relax my rapid and vigorous onslaught on the pedals, and, to my unspeakable joy, I felt my wheel mounting—mounting upward like an eagle toward the lower branches. Gentlemen, I have demonstrated practically the possibility of my theory. The bicycle, if properly managed, can climb a tree."

"But I say, you know," interrupted the young Britisher with the fore-and-after, "you've not told us how you smashed your wheel."

"Oh, that was a mere detail," said the cyclist, with a smile. "So intent was I in climbing up the tree that I inadvertently omitted to make any provision for coming down again, and at the last moment, when I had ascended about four feet eight inches, I was compelled to rely entirely upon the attraction of gravitation. Its action, though effective, is crude. The selection of a substitute, however, I am content to leave to other experimenters."

—H. G. Paine, in the Bazar.

### Styles and Fabrics in Gentlemen's Garb.

With the autumn weather comes the demand for heavier clothing, with the autumn tints come the new effects in designs and colorings in fabrics and in these days changes are as radical in men's wear as for the ladies. Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, keeps close tab in the minutest detail of all style changes in men's garments, and he has learned that they appreciate the high class, the better quality, the ultra-stylish, and he is not only prepared with a most splendid stock of new imported woollens in lines confined almost exclusively to himself, but he is showing the latest plates in English and American designs alongside of some very novel things of his own fashioning, which go to prove him an artist tailor and keep him in the front rank as a fashioner for men. He invites all who believe in the adage, "It pays to pay for quality," to call and inspect his stock any day.

Cholly—That girl in the surf reminds me of one of those puzzle-pictures. Algy—How is that? Cholly—Find the bathing-suit.—Puck.

Mrs. Gofrequent—Poor Mrs. Upjohn looks miserable. Mrs. Seldom-Holmes—Well, she isn't; she's happy. She has the golf shoulder, the trolley-car heart, the bicycle face, and she thinks she's getting the hay fever.—Chicago Tribune.

"It's a shame," said the summer board.

## This Stunning Style



"The Musketeer."

This is a very beautiful new creation, and the cut shows it correctly. It is the very latest from Paris, it comes in gray, brown and blue with large willow plume. The same style in tailor-made hats for winter wear. Really a very handsome block, and the trimming gives it a richness, exclusive and distinct character from the ordinary run of ready-to-wear hats that ladies will very much appreciate.

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er, "for you to waste so much land on that pig-pen when you might turn it into a beautiful lawn." "Nay," replied the farmer, who knew his business; "the pen is mightier than the sward."—Philadelphia North American.

Little swear-wheels, in form not unlike the Burman prayer-wheels, are now in use on the golf links in Kashmir. They are conducive to silence, as, when one misses a particularly good stroke, one takes the wheel hurriedly from the caddy and violently turns it round.—Delhi Morning Post.

Lawyer—Since you can't deny having shot the man, what then? Culprit—Well, I thought I might claim to have mistaken him for a deer. Lawyer—What good would that do you? It's the close season for deer.—Detroit Journal.

Myrtle—I wish I were Dewey's wife. Mildred—Why, my goodness! He's nearly fifty years older than you are. Myrtle—I know, but how glorious it would be to meet him at the dock and be hugged before all those millions of people when he reaches New York.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Of course, Norah, you know that marriage is a very serious thing," said Mrs. Frothingham to her cook, who had told her that she was about to set up house-keeping for herself. "Yes, 'm, I know that," replied Norah; "but it isn't half so serious as being single."—Bazar.

"What's this!" exclaimed the hungry man; "you have no less than half a dozen dishes here styled 'a la laurier.'" "Yes," said the waiter, affably; "that's because we are not allowed to tell what's in 'em."—Washington Star.

The reposeful one—My dear, I wish you would not be so energetic. Will you never rest? The fussy one—I never expect to be able to rest till I get in my grave, and then it will be just my luck that the next day will be the resurrection.—Life.



Prince Ranjitsinhji.  
From PUNCH.

### A Grateful Woman

Says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her Life.

Confined to Bed for More Than a Month and Wholly Unable to Move—Food Had to be Administered to Her as to a Child—Thankful Words of Praise.

From the Tribune, Deseronto, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Dostater, whose husband works on the Rathbun farm, Deseronto, is well known in the town and surrounding country, her home having always been in this vicinity. Mrs. Dostater has passed through a more than usually trying illness, and as it was said she ascribed her cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune was sent to investigate the case. It appears that Mrs. Dostater's illness dates from the birth of a child on February 15, 1899, when the attending physicians found it necessary to administer chloroform. The shock was greater than she could stand and the result was partial paralysis, during which her life was despaired of. Mrs. Dostater gives the particulars as follows: "Previous to the birth of my child I had enjoyed very good health, but following this my health gave way entirely. I was in bed for over a month, and had two doctors attending me. I was so weak that I could not turn myself in bed and had to be moved like a child. The little nourishment I took had to be administered by my friends. During this time I suffered great pain especially in the hip joints, and one side was paralyzed from the shoulder to the foot. The doctors could not tell me what my trouble was and the medicine they gave me did me no good. I became despondent and thought I would surely die. I got into a highly nervous condition and sleep was almost impossible. Just as I would fall asleep I would start up as though in a fright. This was the state of affairs when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I can never tell how thankful I am that I took that advice. After I had used the third box I was able to leave my bed and move around the house a little. By the time I had used six boxes I had gained greatly in strength and was able to do my own housework. I could eat my meals with relish. I sleep and am still constantly gaining in strength. My friends were surprised at my speedy recovery after beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe that but for them I would not be alive to-day. I will be glad if my testimony is the means of pointing to some other sufferer, the road to health."

People who are run down, weak or nervous will find renewed health and strength through the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich and build up the blood and stimulate tired and jaded nerves. Substitutes should always be refused as they never cured anyone. The genuine pills may be had from all dealers in medicine, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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Mr. Justjoined—What on earth are you trying to do? Mrs. Justjoined—I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell, and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work.—Boston Traveler.

Boss—I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary. Manager—What has he been doing? Boss—He rushed in my private office this morning, and told me there was a man down stairs who would like to see me. Manager—Who was it? Boss—A blind man.—Chicago News.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

ROYCE—Sept. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Royce—a daughter.  
WALSH—Sept. 23, Mrs. John Walsh—a son.  
LOWE—Sept. 20, Mrs. W. T. Lowe—a daughter.  
HOUSTON—Sept. 24, Mrs. R. Houston—a son.

#### Marriages.

MACKENZIE—MOORE—On Sept. 20, 1899, in St. Peter's church, by Rev. T. Beverley Smith, George G. Mackenzie to Helen Elsie, second daughter of Mrs. E. J. Moore, all of Toronto. No cards.  
WELLINGTON—DOUGLAS—At St. Peter's church, Rochester, N. Y., on Saturday, Sept. 23, by Rev. Dr. Lindsay, William E. Wellington and Anna J. Douglas, daughter of the late Capt. J. T. Douglas.  
HAYWARD—BLACK—At Blackburn Park, Ferguson, the residence of the bride's mother, on Wednesday, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. B. Mullan, Mabel E., third daughter of the late John Black, to Edward B. Hayward of Woodland, Yolo county, California.  
DUMOLIN—MARTIN—At Hamilton, on Sept. 21, Philip DuMolin to Amy Louisa Theodora Martin.  
LUTON—MARTIN—At Hamilton, on Sept. 21, Arthur Philip Luton to Mary Clendinning O'Donnell Martin.  
BUTTERWORTH—EVANS—Sept. 26, Henry Butterworth to Carrie Evans.  
PREWER—VINCENT—Sept. 27, Rev. Geo. Prewer to Minnie Vincent.

#### Deaths.

RODDEN—Sept. 21, Mrs. Sara Ann Wright Rodden, aged 72.  
TAYLOR—Sept. 23, Mrs. W. Taylor, aged 68.  
LEADLEY—Sept. 26, Wexford, John Leadley, aged 64.  
VANCE—Sept. 27, John Vance, aged 78.  
HAYES—Sept. 18, Liberty, N. Y., Mrs. Richard Hayes.  
BROWN—Sept. 28, Florence E. Brown.  
WEST—Sept. 23, Mrs. Daniel West, aged 52.  
LANDERS—Sept. 23, John Landers, aged 78.  
YORK—Sept. 21, Hance Alexander York, aged 51.  
TENNANT—Sept. 20, James Tennant, aged 56.

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